

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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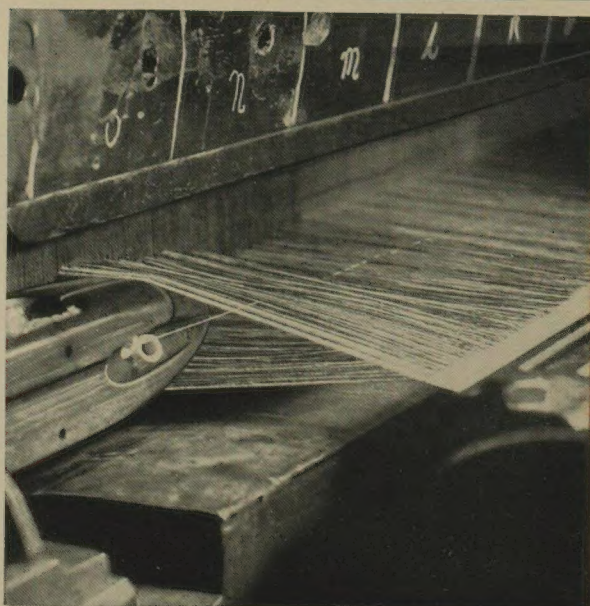
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Here is an example of a very different kind of flash photography. An electrical flash provided an exposure of about one millionth of a second to take this picture of a loom in operation. If you look closely you can see the shuttle emerging from between the warp threads. Pictures like this provide vital information to engineers to help in solving problems in design and operation of machinery while Kodak provide special materials for recording such exposures.

Photograph by courtesy of
The Shirley Institute.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1951.



THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE IN LONDON: MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

The Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, gathered in London to discuss the international situation, held its first meetings on January 4 in the Cabinet Room at 10, Downing Street. Mr. Attlee presided, and Prime Ministers of seven other Commonwealth countries were present or represented. The one vacant place at the conference table was that reserved for Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan who, at the time of writing, has just arrived in London. An outstanding event of the first day of the Conference was the holding by the King of a Privy Council which was attended by six Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, an event

which has never happened before. After the Privy Council all the members of the Prime Ministers' Conference—accompanied by Mrs. Attlee, Mrs. and Miss Menzies, and Mrs. Dönges—were entertained to luncheon by the King and Queen. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Dr. T. E. Dönges (representing the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa); Mr. Senanayake (Ceylon); Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia); Mr. Holland (New Zealand); Mr. Menzies (Australia); H.M. the Queen; H.M. the King; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; Mr. St. Laurent (Canada); Mr. Attlee (U.K.); H.R.H. Princess Margaret and Mr. Nehru (India).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MY mother—a contemporary of Winston Churchill—when I asked for her views on the abduction of the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey, replied briefly that in her opinion the whole world had gone mad and that she was no longer capable of feeling surprise at anything that happened or at anything that anyone did. Though, by the measurement of age, I suppose I might be reckoned to be a couple of decades more “modern,” I find my own attitude to be much the same, if less succinctly expressed. How our more distant and robust ancestors would have reacted to this sacrilegious essay in “liberation” I tremble to think: but hanging, drawing and quartering would probably have been the mildest of the rods in pickle for the hapless malefactors. I dare say that flaying alive and skinning would have entered into it too! They—and we—are lucky to live in a more tolerant age.

Or do we? The general view at the time of writing seems to be that the seizure of this precious, and one would have thought, rather unseizable, object of ecclesiastical furniture was the work of some particularly fervent kind of Scottish patriot. No one knows better how fervently and terrifyingly patriotic some Scots, when roused, can become than the writer of this page, who has sometimes, in an unguarded, absent-minded mood, rashly used the word England in the same heretical and unforgivable way that, in a more tolerant age, Sir Walter Scott used to employ it. The cascade of epistolary abuse that has descended on him on these occasions has been such that he has flinched at the mere sight of a kilt or sound of a bagpipe for months afterwards. But, though by the time these reflections appear in print such conjecture may have been proved utterly groundless, it is just possible that the perpetrator of this latest outrage on good sense may turn out to be, not a fanatical Scottish believer in sacred and national relics, but a Communist and atheist despoiler of all such capitalist and reactionary symbols. As an episode in the Cold War it would rightly rank as an even more effective irritant to the people of this bourgeois, capitalist and incorrigibly deviationist country than one of Mr. Malik's speeches or the calculated incivilities of General Wu. Perhaps, indeed, the Stone is already by this time in the Kremlin. And in that case the world may presently witness the spectacle of parties of fiery Scottish patriots, regardless of every danger, converging on Moscow from all directions to carry off, not only the stolen Stone, but the sacred Communist mummy of Lenin. And if one of them happens to be caught by the O.G.P.U., the punishment meted out to him will almost certainly outdo the most ferocious penalties of the Middle Ages.

However, I must admit that this conjecture is an unlikely one, and that it will probably be falsified before this page is in print by the dramatic discovery of a nest of triumphant and slightly self-conscious kilted conspirators hiding with the vanished Stone in a cellar somewhere, for all the world like Guy Fawkes and his friends after their less successful exploit at Westminster. I hope at any rate for the sake of everyone concerned, particularly the Metropolitan Police, that it will be somewhere warmer than the scene of the latter's icy researches into the Serpentine over the Christmas holiday. The mere sight of that numbed but invincibly curious crowd of Sassenachs standing congealed on Rennie's bridge on Holy Innocents' Day, made me feel like a piece of frozen meat after the sixth week in the

refrigerator. The spectacle of so much English discomfort and suffering must have made any Scot present feel that even Flodden had been avenged. And if any descendants of Edward I.'s felonious men-at-arms were dabbling about, blue-nosed, in the police-boat on the frozen lake, who north of the Border would deny that, though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM
“THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS” OF JANUARY 11, 1851.



“THE SALLE DE ROBIN, PICCADILLY.”

“... The scene is one of simulated clairvoyance. M. Robin leads on Madame blindfolded and seats her on an ottoman in the centre of the stage... having done which he traverses the platform from the stage to the boxes and gathers from the assembly watches, trinkets, rings and other articles and calls upon the supposed clairvoyant to describe them, which she does without hesitation and with the most perfect exactness. The distance and all other circumstances seemed to preclude collusion; but as, of course, there is acknowledged illusion in all the wonders exhibited at these soirées, it would be ridiculous to suppose any other ground for the appearances than a previous arrangement...”



“FIRING AT THE APPLE-TREE IN DEVONSHIRE.”

“On ‘Twelfth Eve’ in Devonshire it is customary for the farmer to leave his warm fireside accompanied by a band of rustics with guns, blunderbusses, etc. ... Thus armed, the band proceed to an adjoining orchard, where is selected one of the most fruitful ... of the apple-trees, grouping round which they stand and offer up their invocation ... ‘Here’s to thee, Old apple-tree. ... Apples enow! Hats full! Caps full!’ ... The cider jug is then passed round, and ... the party fire off their guns, charged with powder only ... they return to the farmhouse, and are refused admittance ... until some lucky wight guesses aright the peculiar roast the maidens are preparing for their comfort ... the man who gained admission receiving the honour of ‘king for the evening’ and till a late hour he reigns...” [The illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Colebrooke Stockdale.]

However, I suppose there ought to be a Statute of Limitations somewhere in this matter of ancient wrongs, even in dogged, unrelenting Scotland. For, if not, where is this kind of thing going to stop? The civilised world is full of hallowed, beautiful or treasured objects that have passed long ago, by questionable means, out of the hands of one owner and into the hands of another. Is everything that has so changed possession in past centuries to be seized by the champions

of its original owners and restored by force to the latter's representatives? If so, we must be prepared for a general post of the contents of every palace, cathedral, museum and picture-gallery in Europe. Are we to expect, for instance, a midnight retributory raid on Magdalene College by the Dean and Chapter of Durham, as the custodians of the priceless Saxon manuscript from which that indefatigable and not over-honest collector, Samuel Pepys, feloniously cut a page to adorn his own collection of early handwritings in the Pepys Library? Or are the inhabitants of Algieras to awake one morning to see the shadow of a small, “plump,” Christian gentleman, in a tasselled sash and a forage cap, staggering under the weight of an even vaster and more famous rock than the Stone of Scone? And ought not the Stone of Scone in any case to return to the Oriental cradle of civilisation and of the Christian Faith from which it is fabled to have been taken? What better right has one parvenu northern race to its possession than another? Why should unauthorised possession in the twelfth century be regarded as any more legal than unauthorised possession in the twentieth?

There are two facts which most of those who have commented on the removal of this hallowed relic seem to have overlooked. They are that Scotland is a kingdom—almost the oldest in the world—and that the lawful hereditary Kings of Scotland have been duly crowned over the Stone of Scone ever since their ancestor, James I., assumed the additional throne of England. If King George VI. is the representative of the King of England who removed the Stone from Scotland, he is, by more immediate right, the representative of the King of Scotland from whom the Stone was taken. He sits on the throne of England by virtue of the fact that his ancestors were Stuarts. The wrong done by Edward I. and his successors, if wrong it was, was undone, not on Christmas Eve, 1950, but in the year 1603. And unless it is viewed in its symbolic relation to the institution of Christian kingship—the trusteeship, that is, of the faith of a Nation—the Stone has no meaning

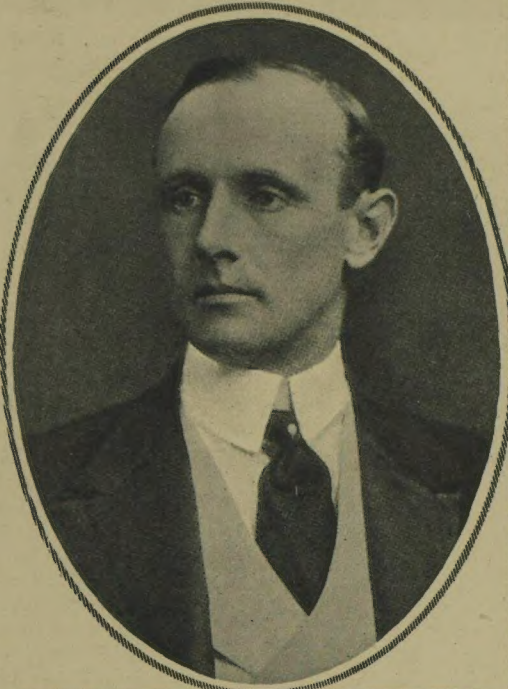
except as a stone, one of millions of not dissimilar stones scattered about the world and, in that case, of no value to anyone except a monumental mason or a building contractor. The Christian Faith of Scotland is represented by Scotland's King, and it is an outward symbol of that Faith—to quote the old, wise words, “an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace”—that the King of Scotland (who also happens, as a result of later accretions to his dynastic possessions, to be King of England, King of Canada, King of Australia, King of New Zealand, King of South Africa, and King of a great many other lands) should be crowned over the Stone of Scone. It is an act which links to the Christian Faith both his kingship and his kingdom of Scotland and the kingship of all those other once pagan lands which entered the Christian fold as a result of the noble labours and martyrdom of Scottish missionaries thirteen centuries ago. What greater achievement by his race could even the most fanatic Scottish

nationalist wish to commemorate and how could it be better symbolised than by the presence of the Stone of Scone under the King's throne at Westminster? Whatever may have been the intention of those who abducted the Stone on the night of the greatest Christian feast of the year from under that throne, they insulted, however unwittingly, both the King and the Faith which his coronation over Christian Scotland's ancient Stone symbolises from generation to generation.

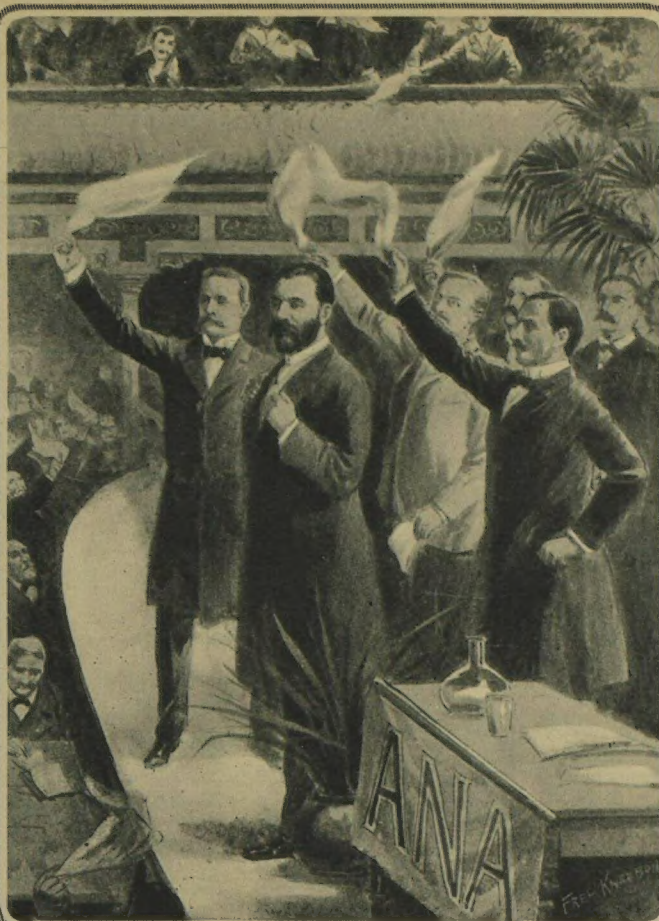
AUSTRALIA'S YEAR OF JUBILEE, 1951.

JAN. 13, 1951—35

THE BIRTH OF THE FEDERATION, 1901.



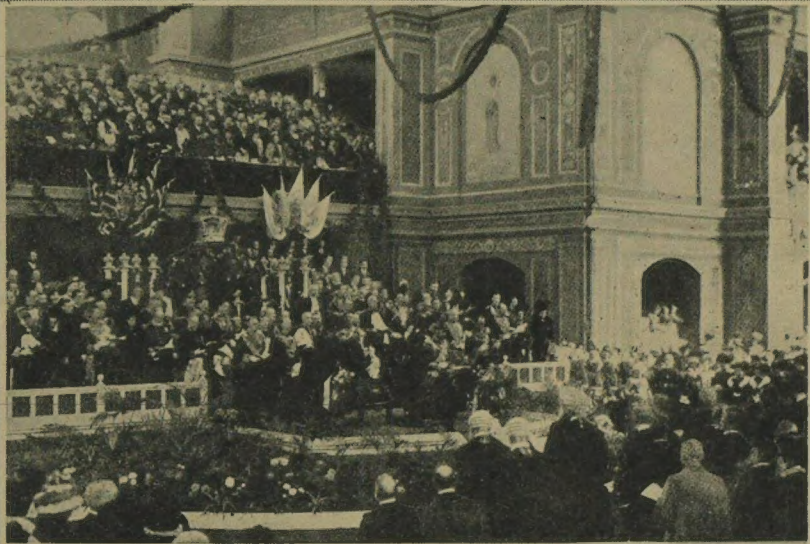
THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, WHO HELD THE OFFICE 1900-2. AFTERWARDS HE WAS CREATED FIRST MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW.



"AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION—MASS MEETING IN MELBOURNE TOWN HALL; ALFRED DEAKIN, FATHER OF THE FEDERATION MOVEMENT IN VICTORIA, RECEIVES AN OVATION."
(From "The Illustrated London News," September 16, 1899. Drawn by Fred Kneebone, Melbourne.)



THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: THE HON. EDMUND BARTON, Q.C. (LATER SIR EDMUND BARTON, G.C.M.G.) (1849-1920), WHO, WITH THE PREMIERSHIP, HELD THE PORTFOLIO OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK (LATER H.M. KING GEORGE V.) OPENING THE FIRST FEDERAL PARLIAMENT, MELBOURNE, ON MAY 9, 1901. HIS SON, KING GEORGE VI., WHEN DUKE OF YORK, OPENED THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT CANBERRA, THE FEDERAL CAPITAL, ON MAY 9, 1927.

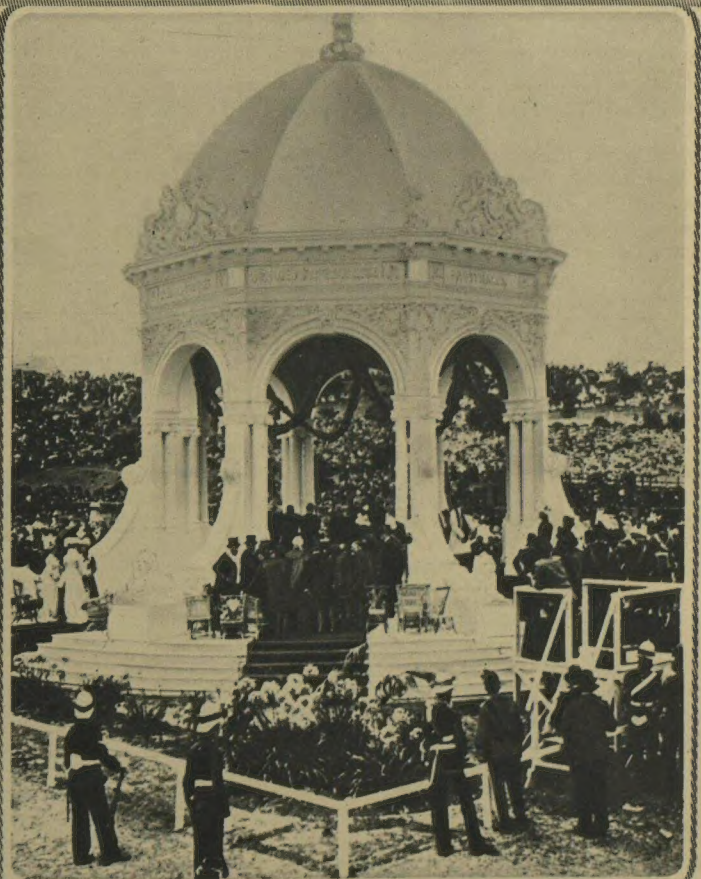


IN CELEBRATION OF FEDERATION DAY IN AUSTRALIA, JANUARY 1, 1901: SYDNEY ILLUMINATED. "THE CITY VIEWED FROM THE NORTH SHORE ON COMMONWEALTH NIGHT"
(From "The Illustrated London News," February 16, 1901. Drawn by C. H. Hunt, Sydney.)



THE ARRIVAL OF THE EARL OF HOPETOUN IN MELBOURNE TO PREPARE FOR THE OPENING OF THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT BY THE DUKE OF YORK (AFTERWARDS KING GEORGE V.): THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PROCESSION PASSING THE TOWN HALL ON APRIL 2, 1901.

THIS year the Australian Commonwealth celebrates its Jubilee. On September 17, 1900, Queen Victoria signed the Royal Proclamation creating it, and on New Year's Day, fifty years ago, some 100,000 people assembled in Centennial Park, Sydney, for the swearing-in of the Earl of Hopetoun as first Governor-General. On May 9, 1901, the Duke of York, afterwards King George V., opened the first Commonwealth Parliament in Melbourne, where Parliaments sat until 1927. On May 9 of that year another Duke of York, now King George VI., opened the Federal capital of Canberra. A ceremonial opening of Parliament in Canberra on May 9, 1951, will form a fitting climax to the Jubilee celebrations. The photographs and drawings we reproduce appeared in issues of *The Illustrated London News* of 1899, 1900 and 1901. One shows the Father of Australian Federation, Alfred Deakin (1856-1919), at a Federation meeting in 1899. He was Attorney-General in the first Commonwealth Ministry of (Sir) Edmund Barton, and became second Prime Minister of Australia.



THE CEREMONY IN CENTENNIAL PARK, SYDNEY, ON JANUARY 1, 1901: THE SWEARING-IN OF THE EARL OF HOPETOUN AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE NEW COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.



THE DOORS LEADING TO THE RECEPTION ROOM AND TREATY-SIGNING ROOM BEYOND, THROUGH WHICH ALL THE DIPLOMATS WHO SIGN TREATIES WITH THE U.S.A. PASS.



WHERE ALL VISITORS ARE QUESTIONED AND DIRECTED: THE INFORMATION DESK IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE IN WASHINGTON. THE BUILDING IS SITUATED ON VIRGINIA AVENUE, IN "FOGGY BOTTOM."

HOME OF U.S. FOREIGN POLICY: THE



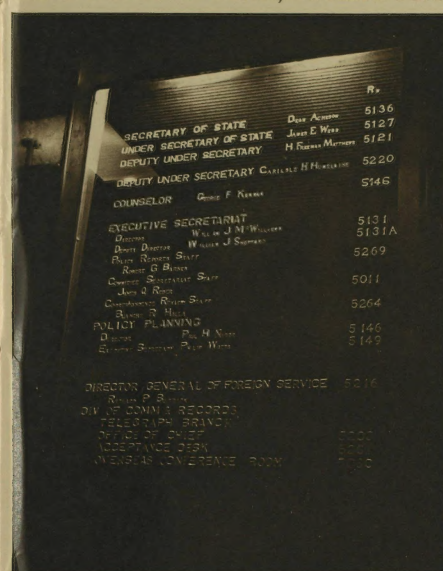
INSIDE THE HUGE BUILDING OF THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE IN WASHINGTON, WHERE MORE THAN 2000 PEOPLE WORK: A TYPICAL SPACIOUS CORRIDOR.



A PLEASANT, CARPETED ROOM IN WHICH DIPLOMATS WAIT: THE RECEPTION ROOM AND DESK AT WHICH THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S RECEPTIONIST IS SEATED.

At a time of great international tension, and since the United States have taken over the responsibility of leading the Free World, the Department of State (the U.S. Foreign Office) has become the most important Department in the Government. In 1947 the Department of State left the many-pillared granite building on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, which had housed it for half a century but had become too small for the increased personnel. It moved to the modern War Department Building on Virginia Avenue, in "Foggy Bottom," which was the wartime home

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.



A KEY TO THE LABYRINTH OF ROOMS IN THE UNITED STATES "FOREIGN OFFICE": ONE OF THE ILLUMINATED INDICATORS GIVING THE LOCATIONS OF HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.

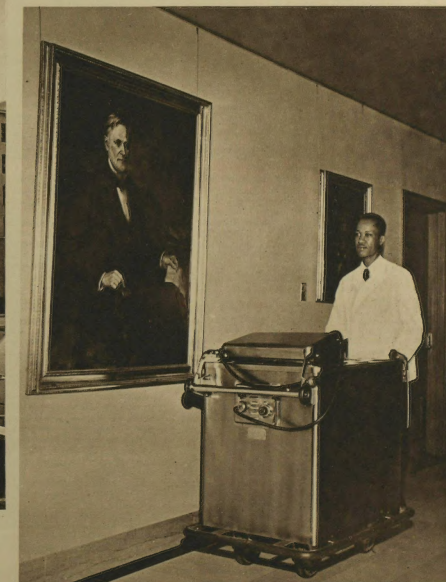


WARTIME HOME OF THE SUPREME H.Q. AND NOW THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MARBLE AND STONE BUILDING.

of the Supreme H.Q. We show, above, some of the first photographs of the Department of State to be released. It is from this building that every day hundreds of directives, statements, orders—secret and public—go out to the heads of foreign Governments, as well as to U.S. Diplomatic missions in every country in the world with which the United States maintains friendly relations. The important and informative weekly Press conference at the Department of State is attended by more than 100 representatives of the world's Press.



MR. ACHESON'S FAITHFUL WATCHDOG: WILLIAM KELLY, THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S PERSONAL MESSENGER, WHO HAS SERVED SECRETARIES FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS.



TAKING THE SECRETARY OF STATE A HOT LUNCH AT HIS DESK: A NEGRO SERVANT WHEELING A TROLLEY FILLED WITH HEATING HOT-PLATES. MANY OF THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS PREFER TO HAVE LUNCH "ON THE JOB."

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

By C. F. DAVIDSON, D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

Senior Principal Geologist, H.M. Geological Survey.

DURING the early hours of Christmas morning, Westminster Abbey was the scene of one of the most extraordinary robberies of all time—the removal of the Coronation Stone, on which the Kings of Britain have been crowned for the last 650 years. The stone had lain, ever since 1301, beneath the seat of the Coronation Chair, near the Shrine of Edward the Confessor. Five years earlier, Edward I. with his conquering army had removed it from Scone, then the capital of Scotland. Only once before has the Coronation Stone left the Abbey—when Oliver Cromwell had it removed to Westminster Hall for his installation as Lord Protector. Even during the last war, when the Coronation Chair was sent for safe keeping to Gloucester Cathedral, the Stone of Scone remained secretly buried within the Abbey walls.

This stone that has played so great a part in the pageantry of British history is of very ordinary appearance. It is just a rough-hewn block of coarse-grained sandstone, reddish-grey in colour and weighing about 4 cwt. It measures 26½ ins. long, 16½ ins. broad and 11 ins. thick. At each end there are iron staples and rings, the rings being so placed as to enable a pole to be passed through them for conveniently carrying the stone. No doubt these rings were inserted at the time of Edward I., so that the stone might be borne southwards by two or more of his men on a pole slung over their shoulders.

The top surface of the stone bears a large rectangular marking, as if for a trough-like depression that was never carved out. This marking is of an earlier date than the iron rings, and its purpose is not known. Behind, centrally situated, is a small rough cutting in the shape of a Latin cross. There is no other engraving or inscription.

According to tradition the Coronation Stone is the pillow of Jacob, on which, as described in Genesis 28, he lay down to sleep at Bethel on his journey from Beersheba to Padan-aram. There he dreamed of a ladder set up on earth and rising to heaven, with the angels ascending and descending on it; and there in his vision the Lord called unto him. On waking, he took the stone that was his pillow, and anointed it, and dedicated it as a pillar of God's own house.

Of the later legendary travels of the stone, a complete account is given in the "History of Scotland" issued in 1527 by Hector Boece, the first principal of Aberdeen University. According to Boece, a Greek named Gathelus visited Egypt at the time of the Exodus, and married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. After the destruction of the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, Gathelus fled with his wife through Africa to Spain (to "Portingall"), bearing with them the sacred stone. There they founded a kingdom, from which, according to legend, the Scots are descended.

Simon Breck, a descendant of Gathelus, brought the stone from Spain to Ireland. Fergus, the first King of the Scots in Scotland, carried it from Ireland to Argyll. From him proceeded a line of forty kings, the twelfth of which, Evenus, built a town at Evonium, or Dunstaffnage, where the rest of the forty kings were crowned and were buried. Under the last of these kings the Scots were expelled back to Ireland; but they returned again under his nephew, Fergus Mac Erc, who once more was crowned on the stone. He built a church on the island of Iona, and commanded it to be the sepulchre of the Scottish kings in future. Kenneth MacAlpin, the last of these kings, conquered the Picts and brought the Stone of Destiny from Argyll to Gowrie in the year 843. He placed it in Scone, because it was there he had his principal victory.

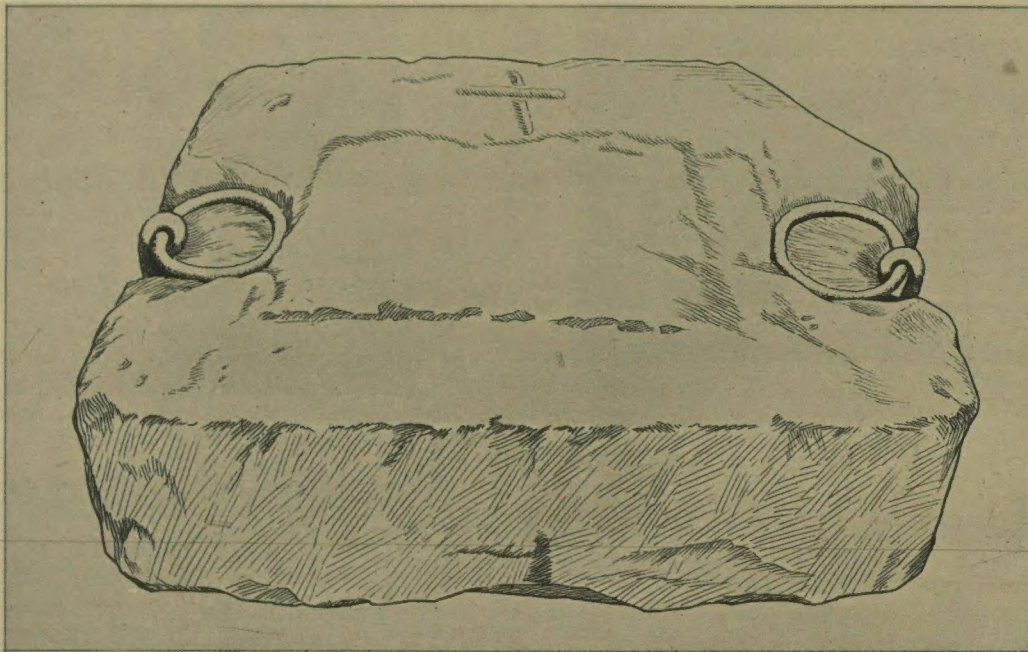
So goes the legend. But, although their pictures adorn the walls of Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh, the forty kings of Scotland are wholly fabulous; and it has been known by historians for a century or more that almost the whole account of the history of Scotland, as related by Boece, is purely mythical. However, with Fergus Mac Erc the stream of fictitious narrative flows into that of history, for he was the first of the historic kings of Dalradia, who founded the Scottish colony of Argyll in the sixth century. When the historical element enters, Iona replaces Dunstaffnage as the supposed resting-place of the stone. Indeed, the statement that the stone rested at Dunstaffnage, and that Dunstaffnage was a former capital of the Scottish people, rests solely on the authority of Boece, and is not found in the writings of the earlier Scottish chroniclers. Like the forty kings, it is entirely fictitious.

Some part of Boece's fabulous history finds apparent authority, however, in the very oldest account of the Coronation Stone, given by one Baldred Bissett in a document dated about 1301. He says: "Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, with an armed band and a large fleet, sailed to Ireland, and there being joined by a band of Irish, she sailed for Scotland, taking with her the royal seat"—the stone which Edward I. had, at the time Baldred was writing, carried off to London with the other insignia of Scotland. "She conquered and destroyed the

Picts, and took their kingdom; and from this Scota, the Scots and Scotia are named."

Baldred Bissett was one of the Commissioners sent to Rome in 1301 to plead the cause of Scottish independence before the Pope. A contemporary memorandum, headed "instructions," was prepared by the Scottish Government, and contains an elaborate statement of the grounds on which the claim for independence was based. Apparently Baldred converted these instructions into the document which bears his name, for there is no allusion to the Coronation Stone or its legend in the official paper. His object was to present as strong an argument for the independence of Scotland as possible. The English Commissioners had told the Pope that both the English and the Scots were descended from Brutus, the King of Troy; but the English were descended through Lacrinus, the eldest son, and the Scots through Albanactus, the youngest son. So ever since the siege of Troy the Scots had been subject to the English. To that story Baldred opposed the tale of the descent of the Scots through Pharaoh's daughter, and their wanderings through Spain and Ireland; and he clinched it by giving a fictitious history to the Stone of Scone. It is therefore to the patriotic ingenuity of this mediæval diplomat that we owe the picturesque legend which is, to this day, quite widely believed.

The earliest authenticated use of the Stone was at the Coronation of Alexander III. of Scotland, in the year 1249, but it is probable that it had been in use for several centuries before this. Alexander's Coronation was at Scone, a town of considerable importance in the early history of Scotland. Scone had become a seat of Culdee clergy by the sixth century, and it is believed to have been a royal residence before the end of the Pictish kingdom in 843. The Monastery of Scone was founded in 1115 by Alexander I. of Scotland, and its foundation charter is still extant.



THE APPEARANCE OF THE CORONATION STONE, STOLEN FROM UNDER KING EDWARD'S CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON CHRISTMAS MORNING AND THE OBJECT OF AN INTENSIVE SEARCH BY THE POLICE OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND: A DRAWING SHOWING THE IRON STAPLES AND RINGS, THE RECTANGULAR MARKING ON THE TOP SURFACE AND THE ROUGHLY-CUT LATIN CROSS. In the article on this page, Dr. C. F. Davidson describes the history and legends associated with the Coronation Stone which was stolen from Westminster Abbey on Christmas morning and, at the time of writing, has not yet been found. He produces geological evidence to disprove some of the legends and concludes from the geological data that the Stone of Scone was probably quarried somewhere in eastern Perthshire near the ancient seat of the Pictish monarchy.

According to the Pictish Chronicle, a meeting was held at Scone in 906, at which it was ordained that the Scottish Church should be maintained under Royal protection; and again, in 1209, King William the Lion held there a great assembly of the nobles and prelates of Scotland, at which a similar ordinance was decreed. The Moot Hill at which these meetings were held, a mound traditionally built up by contributions of earth from all over Scotland, may be seen to-day in the grounds of the modern Scone Palace, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield. From all these details it is quite clear that Scone is a place of great antiquity.

The crowning of Alexander III. in 1249 is described by the Scottish historian John de Fordun, who wrote about the year 1355. Alexander was at that time only eight years old; and Fordun relates how "he came to Scone with a number of earls, barons and knights on Tuesday, the 13th of July." He was placed "on the regal chair, decked with silk cloths embroidered with gold. The Bishop of St. Andrews consecrated him King, the King himself sitting as was proper upon the regal chair"—that is, upon the Stone—"and the earls and nobles placing vestments under his feet with bent knees before the Stone." And then Fordun says: "This Stone is reverently preserved in that monastery for the King of Scotland, nor were any of the kings in wont to reign anywhere in Scotland, unless they had on receiving the name of king, first sat upon the royal Stone at Scone, which was constituted by the ancient kings" as the principal seat of Scotland.

The next coronation upon the Stone was, for the Scots, attended by more humiliating circumstances. John Balliol was crowned at Scone in the year 1292, and immediately after his coronation did homage to Edward I. of England as his overlord. An account of this coronation is given by William Rishanger, a Scottish chronicler who wrote about 1327.

The tale of the removal of the Stone to England by Edward Longshanks is told by a number of authorities. Rishanger records that Edward I., after he had overrun Scotland in 1296, on his return from the north "passed by the Abbey of Scone, where having taken away the stone

which the kings of Scotland at the time of their coronation were wont to use for a throne, carried it to Westminster, directing it to be made the chair of the priest celebrant." Hemmingford, another early chronicler, says: "At the Monastery of Scone was placed a large stone in the church of God, near the great altar, hollowed out like a round chair, in which future kings were placed, according to custom, as the place of their coronation." And again: "in returning by Scone [the King] ordered that stone in which the kings of Scots were wont to be placed at their coronation, to be taken and carried to London, as a sign that the kingdom has been conquered and resigned."

Further, among Edward I.'s treasure listed as being in the Castle of Edinburgh in 1296 was *una petra magna super quam Reges Scotiae solebant coronari*; and in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. for 1300 there is noted a payment of 100 crowns to Master Walter, the King's Painter, for the construction of the present Coronation Chair to contain the Stone of Scone.

The Coronation Chair, built by Walter at Edward I.'s command, is of oak, with a high, plain back rising in an acute gable. The box-like space under the seat, in which the Stone rests, is open in front and has open quatrefoils at the back and sides. On the back of the chair there are the remains of rich gilt decoration, but a design which once existed, of a throned king with his knees on a lion, has for the most part weathered away with the passage of time. The red velvet on the arms is greatly dilapidated, for in the past the chair has had some rough usage. Generations of boys from Westminster School have carved their initials on its back; among them Charles Abbott, who later became the Speaker of the House of Commons, slept in the chair for a night and duly carved in its oak a permanent record of this achievement.

With two exceptions, the Chair has been used in the coronation of every English sovereign since the time of Edward I. The exceptions are Mary Tudor and Mary II., at the joint coronation of William and Mary. The latter were joint sovereigns, for Mary was not a Queen Consort. Accordingly, a second, very similar, chair had to be made. This second chair is now kept in Henry VII.'s Chapel at the Abbey.

The Stone has been examined by successive generations of geologists, including John Macculloch, who made the first geological survey of Scotland, and Sir A. C. Ramsay, Sir Archibald Geikie and Sir J. J. H. Teall, three of the most distinguished Directors of H.M. Geological Survey. From these investigations it has long been known that the Stone is almost certainly of Scottish origin; but its lithological character is such that it has always been found a difficult matter to trace it with any certainty to the locality whence it was derived.

Some years ago the writer had an opportunity of examining microscopic preparations of minute fragments obtained from the Stone while it was being cleaned in 1892. These were compared with similar preparations of rocks from various localities and geological horizons, and from this study the Coronation Stone was found to agree most closely in lithology with sandstones of Lower Old Red Sandstone age from Scotland. Several examples of sandstone petrographically indistinguishable

from the Stone of Destiny were collected from the neighbourhood of Scone itself.

One or two small pebbles of porphyry or andesite, about the size of a pea, may be seen in the Stone. Similar pebbles are frequently found in the Lower Old Red Sandstone strata throughout Scotland, and are not uncommon in the rocks around Perth. A microscope section of a pebble from the Coronation Stone has been examined, and it was found that this rock could be matched exactly with pebbles from the sandstones of Perthshire and Angus.

The historical evidence indicates that the Coronation Stone was not in use at any place other than Scone prior to its removal by Edward I., and it is to be expected, therefore, that it was of local origin. The geological data are in accordance with this view, and we can thus assume with reasonable certainty that the Stone was quarried somewhere in eastern Perthshire, probably not far from the ancient seat of the Pictish monarchy.

In the early chronicles it is said that two lines of poetry are engraved on the Stone. There is, of course, no such inscription; but it is of interest to quote the ancient rhyme. The lines are:

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
Inveniant lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

which are translated into old Scots as:

The Scottis sall brwke that realme as native ground,
Geife weirdis fall nocht, quhairver this stone is found.

The more modern version of the rhyme goes:

Unless the fates be faithless shown, and prophets' voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone, the Scottish race shall reign.

This ancient prophecy was fulfilled in the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the Throne of Great Britain, at the time of the Union of the Crowns. The reason for the recent theft of the Stone, presumably by so-called Scottish patriots, must, therefore, remain as much a mystery to most Scotsmen as it is to everyone else.



MANŒUVRING TANKS ON A MODEL LANDSCAPE BY MEANS OF REMOTE-CONTROL DEVICES: SCHOOLBOYS AT THE ROYAL ARMoured CORPS' EXHIBIT IN THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION, WHICH WAS OPENED BY AIR MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY ON JANUARY 1.

YOUTH AT THE HELM OF EXHIBITS IN THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION.



A DISPLAY THAT NEVER FAILS TO DRAW THE CROWDS: MODEL TRAINS ON THE 500 FT. OF GAUGE O TRACK FORMING THE BRITISH RAILWAYS' EXHIBIT.



PRACTISING FOR A ROAD RACE WITH REMOTE-CONTROLLED ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN VEHICLES: A SCHOOLBOY TESTING THE CONTROLS, WATCHED BY A CRITICAL AUDIENCE.



THE ARMY ON SHOW: A SERGEANT OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS INSTRUCTING SCHOOLBOYS IN THE USE OF A MARK IV. MINE-DETECTOR.



THE EXCITEMENT OF A LEAGUE GAME IN MINIATURE: SCHOOLBOYS TRYING OUT A NEW FOOTBALL GAME IN WHICH THE PLAYERS ARE MOVED BY MEANS OF MAGNETS.



ANTICIPATION: AN EAGER SCHOOLBOY ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGING INVITATION AND REACHES FOR THE BOWL OF SWEETS THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE GLASS PANEL, ONLY TO MEET WITH . . . (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON RIGHT).



DISAPPOINTMENT: THE SWEETS VANISH AS THE SCHOOLBOY'S HAND REACHES THEM—THEIR PRESENCE IS AN OPTICAL ILLUSION PRODUCED BY MIRRORS AND ELECTRONIC DEVICES.

The twenty-fourth Schoolboys' Own Exhibition was opened on January 1 in the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, by Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, C-in-C. Fighter Command, and closes to-day (January 13). Among the most popular exhibits are those staged by Government departments and the Services. The British Railways' stand, where goods and passenger trains pass along 500 ft. of gauge O track, has been the centre of interest for model-railway enthusiasts, while the more militant have been

able to engage in mock battle as commanders of model tanks manoeuvred over the battlefield by remote-control devices (Royal Armoured Corps' stand), or to operate mine-detectors under the supervision of a sergeant of the Royal Engineers. The Royal Air Force have invited schoolboys to see what it is like to sit in the cockpit of a 600-m.p.h. jet fighter, and the Royal Navy has demonstrated by means of models the branches in which boy seamen may specialise.



THE EARL OF ILCHESTER, WHO HAS EDITED THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The sixth Earl of Ilchester, who was born in 1874, has been President of the Royal Literary Fund since 1941; and President of the London Library since 1940. He has edited a number of historical journals, chronicles, and letters, including "The Journals of Elizabeth, Lady Holland"; "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland"; "Chronicles of Holland House, 1820-1900"; and "Letters of Lady Holland to her Son."

Boswell's "London Journal," and, in view of Boswell's connections and achievement as a biographer, that is comprehensible: anything which relates to Boswell is deemed to relate to Johnson. But in point of style and sheer intrinsic interest these new letters of Lord Hervey far excel anything of which the young Boswell, inexperienced, complacent and devoid of any talent for wit or the illuminating or penetrating phrase, was capable. It is agreeable to think that additions of such quality to our historical and literary records still lurk in country libraries. I have seen enough of them to be surprised at nothing: heaven only knows what still remains to be exhumed, in the way of print and manuscript, from the hundreds of country houses which have muniments and libraries, but are not august enough to maintain librarians, and are presided over by fox-hunters, sturdily public-spirited but by no means bookworms. I remember the story of the mouldering Shakespeare First Folio in a damp manor house in the Lake District. But on that, lest my fortitude break down in public, I had better not dwell.

Lord Hervey, who was heir to the Lord Bristol of the time but did not survive his sire, has had what is called a "raw deal" from posterity. He left Memoirs of his time, which were published long after his death, which in point of liveliness and information are second only in their kind (Evelyn's "Diary" not being forgotten), to the Diary of Pepys, and which are of peculiar interest because they deal with a period (namely, that of George II., who insisted on butchering Admiral Byng, and his excellent Queen Caroline, who was a dear friend to Hervey) which is very inadequately documented. The historians of the eighteenth century have perpetual recourse to him: if references in footnotes are to be adjudged constituents of fame, Hervey is famous indeed. But for a hundred persons who know his name from footnotes, I doubt if one has read his delightful, if rather cold-blooded, Memoirs; and, for everyone who knows him as the author of the Memoirs, there are probably a hundred who know him as the butt of Pope's beastliest scurrility. I remember that when I was very young I was given a little book which can hardly have been called "The Infant's History of English Literature," but was of that nature. I went through it sedulously and with zeal, obtaining my first information about such knotty glories of our tongue as Cædmon and Cynewulf, Layamon's "Brut," Hoccleve and Gower, Beowulf interposing. Then I reached calmer and more familiar seas, with islands of extract which were more comprehensible to me, from Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden. And then I came to Pope, and his excellence was illustrated by three scathing passages about Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Addison (or Atticus) and Lord Hervey. The last was a snatch of supposed dialogue between Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot:

- P. Let Sporus tremble.
A. What that skein of silk?
Sporus that mere white curd of ass's milk.
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Which breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings,
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys;
Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys?...

* "Lord Hervey and His Friends, 1726-38." Based on Letters from Holland House, Melbury and Ickworth. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester, G.B.E., D.Litt., F.S.A. Illustrated. (John Murray; 21s.)

NEW LIGHT ON THE COURT OF KING GEORGE II.

"LORD HERVEY AND HIS FRIENDS"; EDITED BY THE EARL OF ILCHESTER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

Later, when one looked up the original Sporus, the attack seemed unforgivably vile. But the trouble is that these satirists of genius, however unjust and unsporting they may be, "sparing [in a favourite phrase of the old chroniclers] neither sex nor age," leave a slime over the objects of their animosity which no amount of scrubbing can efface. Hervey was not the most amiable of men, though very loyal to a few friends; he was almost as vigilant for offence as Pope himself, and capable of extremely venomous retort. But he was certainly not contemptible: a rather less genial and æsthetic, rather more worldly, Horace Walpole, with a serious set intention to chronicle his time and willing to undergo any amount of boredom at Court in order to accumulate his information and hear his gossip. Yet, because of Pope's power of cutting cameos, Sporus, in the general mind, he is and Sporus he will remain.

Hervey was born in 1696, married the famous and charming beauty Molly Lepell, sat in Parliament, followed Walpole, had a duel with Pulteney, was a close confidant of Queen Caroline, was always delicate, and died in 1743. His letters here printed are mainly addressed to Stephen Fox, later Lord Ilchester, and his brother Henry, later Lord Holland, and father of Charles James Fox. They have been drawn from the Fox libraries at Melbury and Holland House, and the Bristol library at Ickworth, in Suffolk; and they cover the period from 1726 to 1738, very nearly the same years as are recorded in the "Memoirs." The two Foxes were very different sorts of men. Henry was a dashing man of the world: the sort to whom Hervey could airily write: "I send you enclosed a book that was just now sent to me with this recommendation, 'There is so much wit and wickedness in this paper, that I conclude your Lordship will find it seasoned to your taste.' And as these two ingredients will, I believe, make it full as palatable to you, I send it to you without having read it. But as I am to dine in town, I can get one. Adieu. I am in a great hurry." Stephen, on the other hand, was a quiet, countrified type who preferred to remain at home with his horse, his dog and his gun: for him it is evident that the urban and courtly

a nobody: to Hervey, who first fawned on him and then quarrelled with him over a lady, he became an object of scorn. Yet if it be true (as I believe it to be) that a man's character, tastes and talents can be at least as well deduced from letters written to him as from letters written by him, Frederick can hardly



MARY (MOLLY LEPELL), LADY HERVEY. A PORTRAIT BY ENOCH SEEMAN, AT MELBURY.

In 1720 Lord Hervey married Mary, best known in her young days as Molly, Lepell, daughter of Brig.-General Nicholas Lepell, a German Protestant, naturalised in 1699. She was a Maid of Honour to Caroline, then Princess of Wales. In due course she had eight children.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Lord Hervey and His Friends"; by Courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.



LORD HERVEY AND HIS FRIENDS: (L. TO R.) REV. P. WILLEMIJN; STEPHEN FOX (LATER LORD ILCHESTER); HENRY FOX (LATER LORD HOLLAND); JOHN, LORD HERVEY; CHARLES, THIRD DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH; AND THOS. WINNINGTON.

(By Ranelagh Barret, 1737, at Melbury; after a picture by W. Hogarth, at Ickworth.)

Hervey had the deepest affection. Other correspondents there occasionally were: notably the Duke of Richmond, whose house Hervey and Stephen seem to have visited together: "When you go to Goodwood I shall go with you: and if you were to go to the ice of Greenland or the hottest furnace in Africa, I would, if I could, do so too." But perhaps the most unexpected letters are those to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

He in history has, like "Sporus," been labelled by a few words. Youth are taught that he was killed by a cricket-ball and that his epitaph began: "Here lies Fred, Who was alive and is dead," and continued in the same strain. That records him as a noodle and

have been stupid, humourless or uncultivated. Hervey, staying with Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, was at pains to send him a very long description of the place, though not, as he says, in "the technical jargon of a true follower of Palladio and Vitruvius." In this are such passages as: "The base, or rustic story, is what is chiefly inhabited at the [Norfolk political] Congress. There is a room for breakfast, another for supper, another for dinner, another for afternoon, and the great arcade with four chimneys for walking and quid-nuncing. The rest of this floor is merely for use, by which your Royal Highness must perceive that the whole is dedicated to fox-hunters, hospitality, noise, dirt and business."

"The next is the floor of taste, expense, state and parade. The first room is a hall, a cube of 40 foot finished entirely with stone, a gallery of stone round it and the ceiling of stucco, the best executed of anything I ever saw in stucco in any country. The ornaments over the chimney and doors are bas-reliefs of stone; round the sides marble bustos, and over against the chimney the famous group of Laocoon and his two Sons. . . . The furniture is to be green velvet and tapestry, Kent designs of chimneys, the marble gilded and modern ornaments. Titian and Guido supply those that are borrowed from antiquity."

With this volume Hervey steps into the ranks of eminent English letter-writers, modest though it be in size. And perhaps it may do something to mitigate his unfortunate reputation, for it is impossible to read it without acquiring a certain respect, and a qualified liking, for him.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 66 of this issue.

EWORTH—A "SURPRISE" OF THE HOLBEIN SHOW: PORTRAIT DETAILS.



"MILDRED LADY BURGHLEY" (1526-1589). A WOMAN OF MUCH LEARNING AND ACCOMPLISHMENT PRAISED BY ROGER ASCHAM. (Lent by the Marquess of Salisbury.)



"FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK" (1523-1559). FROM THE DOUBLE PORTRAIT WITH ADRIAN STOKES. SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF LADY JANE GREY. (Lent by Colonel J. C. Wynne-Finch.)



"ADRIAN STOKES" (1538-1586). FROM THE DOUBLE PORTRAIT WITH FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK. HE WAS HER SECOND HUSBAND. (Lent by Colonel J. C. Wynne-Finch.)



"PRINCESS MARY TUDOR" (1516-1558). A BEAUTIFUL WORK GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS BY HANS EWORTH. (Lent by Sir Bruce Ingram.)



"MARGARET KIRKBY" (1536-?). BOUGHT FOR LORD MOYNE AT SIR JOHN RAMSDEN SALE, MAY, 1932. (Lent by the Hon. Grania Guinness.)



"QUEEN MARY" (1516-1558). BEQUEATHED TO THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES BY THE REV. T. KERRICH, 1828. (Lent by the Society of Antiquaries.)



"HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY" (1545-1567). INSCRIBED ON THE BACK: "GIVEN TO YE SOV. LORD THE KING BY MY LORD DUKE OF LENNOX." (Lent by Lord Bolton.)



"HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY," THIS PAINTING, LIKE THAT ON THE LEFT, WAS FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES I. (C.R. BRAND ON BACK.) (Lent by Lord Bolton.)



"MARGARET DUCHESS OF NORFOLK" (1540-1563/4). THE SECOND WIFE OF THOS. HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK. (Lent by Lord Braybrooke.)



"CALLED SIR HENRY SIDNEY," SEEN AT FENSHURST BY VERTUE IN, 1736. FORMERLY CALLED SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY. (Lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.)



"UNKNOWN LADY," ACQUIRED FROM VISCOUNT MASSERENE AND FERRARD, ANTRIM CASTLE, c. 1904/5. (Lent by Dame Dehra Parker.)



"UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN," ACQUIRED FROM VISCOUNT MASSERENE AND FERRARD, ANTRIM CASTLE, c. 1904/5. (Lent by Dame Dehra Parker.)



"AN OLD LADY," BOUGHT FROM THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, c. 1935. EXHIBITED AT NOTTINGHAM 1937. (Lent by Sir Harold Bowden.)



"LADY IN BLACK," THE SITTER IS RICHLY DRESSED AND WEARS MANY JEWELS. HER AGE IS TWENTY YEARS. (Lent by St. John's College, Cambridge.)



"JOAN THORNBURY, MRS. WAKEMAN," A VERSE RECORDS THE LADY'S LOST YOUTH, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX. (Lent by Mr. Oliver Watney.)



"THOMAS HOWARD DUKE OF NORFOLK" (1536-1572). THE PAIR TO THE "DUCHESS OF NORFOLK" LENT BY LORD BRAYBROOKE. (Lent by Lord Rothschild.)

One of the most interesting results of the splendid Exhibition of Works by Holbein and Other Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which forms the winter show at the Royal Academy Galleries is provided by the series of magnificent portraits by Hans Eworth, a Fleming from Antwerp who worked in England between 1540 and 1573. This is the first occasion on which his work has been fully displayed together (twenty-one paintings by him, three ascribed to him, and one generally accepted as by his hand, are on view), and the result is that this hitherto rather shadowy figure emerges as an artist with an individual and well-defined style—a

painter of high quality and great importance. On this page we reproduce detail from fifteen paintings shown. There are sixteen heads, as Frances Duchess of Suffolk and her second husband, Adrian Stoke, are the subjects of a double portrait. On the following pages we reproduce seventeen complete paintings by Eworth, the fifteen given here in detail, and the portrait of Lord Darnley and his brother Charles Stuart (graciously lent by H.M. the King), and Lord Radnor's portrait of the sea-captain Thomas Wyndham, a work which, as explained on our following pages, was an important link in the story of how Hans Eworth (the painter "HE") was identified.

THE EMERGENCE OF HANS EWORTH AS A PAINTER OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY:



"MILDRED LADY BURCHLEY" (1526-1529), FORMERLY
INScribed TO ZUCHERING.
(Wood. 304 by 208 ins. Lent by the Marquess of Salisbury.)



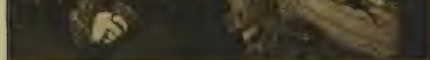
"QUEEN MARY" (1516-1558), SIGNED HE (MONOGRAM),
1554. SHE STANDING BEFORE A RED CURTAIN.
(Wood. 42 by 31½ ins. Lent by the Society of Antiquaries, London.)



"PRINCESS MARY TUDOR" (1516-1558). A FINE WORK
NOW GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS BY HANS EWORTH.
(Wood. 421 by 31½ ins. Lent by Sir Bruce Ingram.)

ON the previous page we reproduce in detail heads from the series of noble portraits by Hans Eworth which have roused so much interest and admiration at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of Works by Holbein and Other Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The identification of Hans Eworth forms an interesting page of art history. It was described by the late Sir Lionel Cust in an article published in the second annual volume of "The Walpole Society" 1912-13. He explains that in 1550, if not earlier, a personality emerges in a painter who signs with the monogram "HE," and adds dates from c. 1550-1575. Virtue suggested that these were the work of the post-painter Lucas D'Heere of Ghent; Horace Walpole adopted this attribution, and it was generally accepted. The dates as regards Lucas D'Heere are, however, incompatible with

(Continued opposite.)



"FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK" (1523-1559), AND ADRIAN STONE (1538-1586).
SIGNED HE AND DATED ANO. D. LIX. (Wood. 191 by 271 ins. Lent by Colonel J. C. Wynne-Finch.)

(RIGHT.) "THOMAS HOWARD,
DUKE OF NORFOLK" (1536-1572)
SIGNED ON SWORD-STRAP (HE)
1561 AND ARTATIS 25.
(Wood. 421 by 311 ins. Lent by
Lord Rothschild.)



"MARGARET DUCHESS OF NORFOLK" (1540-1563/4).
SIGNED AND DATED ANO. HE 1562.
(Wood. 44 by 34 ins. Lent by Lord Broughborough.)



"AN OLD LADY," SIGNED HE AND INSCRIBED
ARTATIS LII/MDLVIII.
(Wood. 421 by 33 ins. Lent by Sir Harold Boudin, Bt.)



"LADY IN BLACK," INSCRIBED ANO. D. XI. 1565
ARTATIS. 1565/20.
(Wood. 34 by 24½ ins. Lent by St. John's College, Cambridge.)

NOBLE TUDOR PORTRAITS FROM HIS HAND IN THE HOLBEIN EXHIBITION.



"JOHN THORNBURY, MRS. WARKMAN," SIGNED HE AND
INSCRIBED ARTATIS XXXVI MDLXVI AND WITH A VERSE.
(Wood. 35 by 28 ins. Lent by Mr. Oliver Watson.)



"CALLED SIR HENRY SIDNEY," SIGNED ON AN ARCHITECTURAL
FEATURE, TOP LEFT, HE.
(Wood. 48 by 38 ins. Lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.)



"MARGARET KIRKBY" (1516-7), INSCRIBED ARTATIS
1561/ANNO 1567.
(Wood. 14 by 10 ins. Lent by the Hon. Granville Guinness.)



"HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY" (1545-1567).
SIGNED HE AND DATED 1555, GIVEN TO CHARLES I.,
1639. (Wood. 28 by 21 ins. Lent by Lord Bolton.)

Continued.
"HE's" work, as Lucas D'Heere did not come to England until 1568. The key to the riddle was found in the inventory of John Lord Lumley's possessions at Lumley Castle in 1590, which refers to portraits by Hans Eworth. These undoubtedly included those of Edward Shelley, Sir John Luttrell and Thomas Wyndham (all signed "HE"), the two last on view at Burlington House. Investigations confirm that an Eworth, Excise or Heward came to England from Antwerp c. 1543, and that he worked for the Office of Queen Elizabeth's Revels in 1574. He was doubtless Eworth.

(RIGHT.) "HENRY STUART,
LORD DARNLEY, AND HIS
BROTHER CHARLES
STUART, LATER EARL OF
LENNOX" (1556-1576).
SIGNED HE AND MONOGRAM HE.
(Wood. 25 by 18 ins. Lent by H.M. the
King.)



"HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY" (1545-1567).
FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES I.
(Wood. 30 by 23 ins. Lent by Lord Bolton.)



"UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN," PAIR TO THE "UNKNOWN
LADY." SIGNED HE 1560 AND INSCRIBED ARTATIS 21.
(Wood. 24 by 18½ ins. Lent by Dame Debra Parker.)



"THOMAS WYNDHAM" (1508?-1553). GUN-BARREL INSCRIBED
ARTATIS XLII MDL AND MONOGRAM HE, AND BELOW, F.W.
(Wood. 33 by 26½ ins. Lent by the Earl of Radnor.)



"UNKNOWN LADY," PAIR TO THE "UNKNOWN GENTLE-
MAN." SIGNED HE 1560 AND INSCRIBED ARTATIS 18.
(Wood. 24 by 18½ ins. Lent by Dame Debra Parker.)

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WITH one or two exceptions, the Alpine species of *Ranunculus*—the Mountain Buttercups—take kindly to domestic life in the rock-garden. It is disappointing, there-

fore, that two of the most beautiful of them all, *Ranunculus glacialis* and *R. lyallii*, should be difficult even to keep alive in the garden, and practically impossible to make happy there.

Ranunculus glacialis is widely distributed in the Alps, and often extremely abundant. Time after time I have found it at altitudes round about 9000 ft., usually on schist, never on the limestone. Nothing could look more prosperous than the great tussocks of dark foliage, with their big white buttercup blossoms fading as they age to pink, and finally to old rose. They look so hearty that time after time I have been tempted to take a root or two from their stony bed, sodden with seeping snow-water, in the hope of inducing them to do it again in my garden. It's no good. They won't have it. They may linger for a year or so, but never have I seen a healthy, well-flowered specimen of *Ranunculus glacialis* either in my own garden or in anyone else's. Now and then, I have seen a leaf or two and a flower or two in a pan at a show, looking about as happy as a lost slum kitten. An unhappy Alpine, sick and lingering, is the last

MOUNTAIN BUTTERCUPS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Ranunculus amplexicaulis is, I think, by far the most attractive and the most satisfactory of all the white-flowered mountain buttercups. I first met it in 1911 in the Val d'Esquerry, high up above Luchon, in the Pyrenees, and no sooner had I come to the first colony of the plant than I was smitten by a blizzard of icy rain and sleet. There was just time to scout around and select and dig with frozen fingers a single specimen before beating a cowardly retreat. But I had chosen well. That solitary specimen was a particularly good form, with large, fully-petalled blossoms, tinged with a wash of shell-pink. It prospered in my garden until, somewhere between 1914 and 1918, it became a war casualty. In 1933 I visited *R. amplexicaulis* again, this time above Gabas, and just across the Spanish frontier, and collected and brought home a number of selected forms. The plant varies greatly in nature. Some are pure white with the normal five petals of the family, and some have really big blossoms with many extra petals. There are delicate shell-pink varieties, and others with the lovely pink and white of apple-blossom. The normal height is 9 to 12 ins., but now and then one finds a specimen running up to 18 ins. A dozen or so of my 1933 harvest of collected *R. amplexicaulis* still survive in my Cotswold garden, after a rather chequered career, and last year seeds were collected from them and this spring seedlings will be planted out in a bed of the cool, nourishing loam that they most appreciate. The plant slowly forms itself into a concise clump of leathery, blue-grey leaves, and the erect flower stems are branched, carrying five or six large buttercup blossoms. In autumn leaves and stems disappear. Like many other buttercups, *R. amplexicaulis* varies greatly in nature, both in the size of its flowers, in the number of its petals, and in colour, white or pink, and doubtless the plant would respond to selection of seed from the best forms, generation after generation.

A year or two after I collected specimens at Gabas, one of them produced a head of completely double, shell-pink flowers. Alas, it never did it again. But the raising of a permanently double *amplexicaulis* might well be achieved. *Ranunculus gramineus* is not unlike *amplexicaulis* in habit. It forms the same clumps, with big golden buttercups on 9-12-in. stems, but the leaves are greener and more narrowly grasslike. It is just as easy to grow in good loam.

Some twenty years ago I raised a hybrid *R. amplexicaulis* x *R. gramineus*, having dreamt that I saw such a hybrid in a friend's garden. The progeny of my cross turned out exactly as I had dreamt. A clump of narrow, grassy leaves, more blue and glaucous than in *R. gramineus*, and big buttercups of a soft sulphur yellow, intermediate between the white and the gold of the parents. Provisionally I named it *Ranunculus skellumii*, after a favourite but wicked terrier by whom I was then ruled. Later, however, I discovered that this same cross had already been raised and named—*R. arendsii*—and so the name *skellumii* had to be dropped.

Ranunculus pyrenaicus is like a smaller *R. amplexicaulis*, more slender in habit, 6-9 ins. high, with narrower leaves and

smaller white flowers.

Often it grows in astonishing profusion in the short Alpine turf at 6000 and 7000 ft. On the Col de Lautaret, in the Dauphiné Alps, it is particularly abundant, often suggesting that a recent flurry of snow had whitened the ground. But in the garden it has never flourished—with me at any rate—and never have I seen it making good in cultivation. I prefer, therefore, to grow the sturdier, more decorative, and much more



"FLOURISHING GLORIOUSLY IN ITS REMOTE, AUSTERE, NATIVE SURROUNDINGS": *Ranunculus glacialis*, WITH ITS BIG WHITE FLOWERS FADING TO PINK, PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE MOUNTAIN BUTTERCUPS IN THE WILD AND THE MOST INTRACTABLE IN THE GARDEN. Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

amenable *R. amplexicaulis*. *Ranunculus seguieri* might be counted a limestone edition of *R. glacialis*, smaller in habit, and in its best forms with fine, big white buttercups on 2-3-in. stems. A choice, small treasure for the rock garden, and in no way difficult to grow.

Ranunculus alpestris is another dwarf white Alpine buttercup, an inch or two—or three—high, with glossy, green, kidney-shaped leaves which are deeply indented. Plants of *R. alpestris* which I grew last summer flowered without a break from spring till autumn. Yet not a solitary seed was set. Maybe this was because all my plants were, so to speak, the same plant—or divisions from one original clump. Perhaps *alpestris* is sterile to its own pollen. Next summer it shall be married to the golden-flowered *Ranunculus gramineus*, in the hope of another hybrid. A perpetual-flowering *alpestris* with big, sulphur-yellow blossoms, would be a treasure and a triumph indeed!

Ranunculus aconitifolius is a common and a lovely sight in the high Alpine meadows, where in June it lines every little stream and runnel with clouds of small white buttercups. It would be well worth growing in wild wet places in the garden—by the pond or in the big bog garden—yet one seldom sees it cultivated in this way. In gardens it is almost always the double-flowered variety, *Ranunculus aconitifolius flore pleno*, that one sees—the "Fair Maids of France," a charming, old-world border favourite, with its 2-ft. sprays of tight little snow-white, button-like blossoms. This is best perhaps in the border, but the graceful, airy, single type should be given a chance in wilder places, where it might hobnob on equal terms with its Alpine meadow neighbours, the Globeflowers, the tall pink Bistort, *Thalictrum aquilegifolia* and the Cranesbills.



NEW ZEALAND'S "MOUNTAIN LILY," THE MAGNIFICENT WHITE-FLOWERED GIANT MOUNTAIN BUTTERCUP, *Ranunculus lyallii*, WITH ITS "LOOSE SPRAYS OF HUGE SNOW-WHITE BUTTERCUP BLOSSOMS" OVER "BIG ROUND LEAVES, THICK AND FLESHY LOOKING, GLOSSY, SPINACH-GREEN. . ."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.



"BY FAR THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND THE MOST SATISFACTORY OF ALL THE WHITE-FLOWERED MOUNTAIN BUTTERCUPS": *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*, WHICH VARIES GREATLY IN FORM AND COLOUR IN NATURE AND MIGHT WELL BE THE SUBJECT OF SOME METHODOLOGICAL SELECTION.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

thing I want in my garden. The best, the wisest and the kindest plan is to go to the Alps from time to time and look at *R. glacialis* flourishing gloriously in its remote, austere, native surroundings—and leave it there, taking away memories—but no roots.

Ranunculus lyallii is one of the giants of the race, and one of the glories of the New Zealand Alps. New Zealanders are justly proud of their "Mountain Lily" as they call it. But the only plants that I have ever seen flowering were in the great rock-garden at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh. My recollection of it there is of big round leaves, thick and fleshy looking, glossy, spinach-green, and carried on stems about 3 ft. tall. These great circular leaves are carried in the distinctive manner of nasturtium leaves, with the simple stem supporting them plumb in the centre. Rather taller than the leaves, and overtopping them, were loose sprays of huge, snow-white buttercup blossoms. A superb plant. But photographs of *R. lyallii* flowering in the New Zealand Alps show it to be even more magnificent than it is at Edinburgh. Alas, that this lovely thing is so difficult to cultivate. Many have tried, and most have failed—myself included. At Edinburgh it had a cool position and what appeared to be fairly rich, moist loam.

THE "ZOO'S" MOST POPULAR JUVENILE GROWS UP: "BRUMAS," AGED TWO.



PLAYING WITH A SLAB OF ICE: *BRUMAS* BESIDE THE ENCLOSURE POOL DURING THE RECENT HARD WEATHER. SHE ENJOYED SEEING THE ICE BREAK UP ON THE ROCKS.



SHOWING HOW RAPIDLY SHE HAS INCREASED IN SIZE: *BRUMAS*, NOW FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD, AND HER MOTHER, *IVY*, POSED ON THE SNOW-COVERED ROCKS OF THEIR ENCLOSURE.

Brumas, the young Polar bear at the London Zoo, was born on November 27, 1949, and at the age of nearly fourteen months is almost as big as her mother, *Ivy*. However she still indulges in youthful games and antics, and played with the ice and snow during the recent cold snap. Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, owner of a large private zoo, when speaking at a lecture for children at the Royal Society of Arts, estimated that last year over a million extra people went to the London Zoo simply to see *Brumas*. He discussed the characteristics of different



THE YOUNG POLAR BEAR WITH A SNOWBALL: A VERY AMUSING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING *BRUMAS* ON HER HIND LEGS WITH A LARGE LUMP OF SNOW IN HER PAWS.

animals, and described Polar bears as "hypocrites." He said that, though they looked so quiet and kind, they were really extremely savage—far more so than a lion or a tiger. This view was challenged by M. Bouglione, an animal trainer. He gave a demonstration in Liverpool during which nine Polar bears displayed their docility. M. Bouglione claims that if properly treated Polar bears are gentle. He admitted that one, named *Stalin*, had killed a man in Paris before M. Bouglione had trained him, but said that "he must have had a reason."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



HANDING AN AUSTRALIAN FOOD PARCEL TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: THE LORD MAYOR OF SYDNEY (RIGHT). The Lord Mayor of Sydney (Alderman E. C. O'Dea) was welcomed at a Mansion House reception on January 4 by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, read a message from the King on the occasion of the closing of the Australian express parcel scheme. Owing to the generosity of Australians, more than 5,000,000 ten-shilling food parcels or their equivalent in bulk supplies have been distributed here since 1945.



MAJOR E. I. L. MOSTYN.

Awarded the Military Cross in recognition of his gallant and distinguished services in Malaya while serving with the Scots Guards. In an engagement with bandits on November 5 he remained under heavy fire at close range and the successful result of the encounter was due to his leadership "and complete disregard of personal danger." Sergeant John Allan, Scots Guards, has been awarded the Military Medal for his "bravery, steadiness and skill at arms" in another engagement with bandits in Malaya.



INTRODUCING THE CHILDREN TO A HYRAX:

MR. G. S. CANSDALE, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ZOO. Mr. G. S. Cansdale, superintendent of the London Zoo, recently gave a lantern lecture to London secondary-school pupils during which he introduced them to a large royal python and a tree bear, or hyrax, which he had mentioned in his talk. Mr. Cansdale said that strange though it might seem, the hyrax was vaguely related to the elephant, and was one of the noisiest animals in the African forest. The children were soon persuaded to handle the python.



AFTER OPENING THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF VENETIAN PAINTINGS AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY:

SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A.

Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, opened an exhibition of eighteenth-century Venetian paintings at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, on January 3. Some of the exhibits in this fine loan exhibition, which is being held in connection with the celebrations of the Whitechapel Art Gallery Jubilee, were reproduced in our issue of January 6.



POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED, ON JANUARY 5, THE FIRST VICTORIA CROSS FOR ACTION IN KOREA: MAJOR KENNETH MUIR, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

Posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for his "splendid leadership" and "magnificent courage" in the action on September 23, 1950, when about fifty men of two companies of the regiment were killed or wounded in thirty minutes by Communist guns, and American aircraft which attacked the Argylls' position by mistake. Major Muir, who was thirty-eight, refused to take cover and personally led a counter-attack on the crest of the hill, which was retaken. Finally he was hit with two bursts of automatic fire which mortally wounded him, but even then he retained consciousness and was still as determined to fight on. His last words were: "The Gooks (North Koreans) will never drive the Argylls off this hill."



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS AT HASTINGS: W. UNZICKER, THE GERMAN CHAMPION, WHO IS A MUNICH LAW STUDENT.

The young Munich law student and German champion, W. Unzicker, won the International Chess Congress at Hastings on January 6. He had led for most of the tournament, and as he came to the last round half a point ahead of his nearest rival, Rossolimo, of France, all he needed was a draw to make sure of winning the first prize.



INSPECTING AN INDO-CHINESE TRIBE: GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY (RIGHT) WITH EMPEROR BAO DAI. General de Lattre de Tassigny, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China, in a characteristic New Year's message from Hanoi, said: "Rely on me. I shall always lead you along the path of honour . . . have confidence and determination." Our photograph shows General de Lattre de Tassigny reviewing an Indo-Chinese tribe that seizes every opportunity to fight the Communists, although their chief arms are spears and bows.



ENJOYING THE WINTER SPORTS AT ST. ANTON, IN AUSTRIA: THE THREE ELDER DAUGHTERS, (L. TO R.) PRINCESSES BEATRIX, IRENE AND MARGRIET, OF QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The three elder daughters of Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands have been enjoying a holiday at St. Anton, Austria. Queen Juliana, who was to have accompanied them, cancelled the arrangements because Prince Bernhard had a cold. Our photograph shows the Princesses starting out with their instructor for a skiing lesson on the slopes at St. Anton. The best winter sports conditions for many years have been reported from the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps.



VISITING LONDON: THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA, ASFA WASSAN.

The thirty-five-year-old Crown Prince of Ethiopia, eldest son and heir of Emperor Haile Selassie, has been staying in London, where he visited Mr. Bevin at the Foreign Office. He was also received by the King at Buckingham Palace. His wife, Princess Medfariach, gave birth to a daughter on December 29.



GENERAL EISENHOWER RETURNS TO EUROPE AS A MILITARY COMMANDER: THE GENERAL IN PARIS, BETWEEN FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY AND ADMIRAL CARNY, C.-IN-C., U.S. EAST ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEET. EXTREME LEFT, COLONEL COSTA DE BEAUREGARD, THE FIELD MARSHAL'S FRENCH AIDE-DE-CAMP.

On January 7, General Eisenhower, newly-appointed Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Forces in Europe, arrived in Paris by air at the beginning of a month's tour of the European capitals. He was accompanied by his Chief of Staff, General Gruenther, and eight other officers. After a brief inspection of his temporary H.Q. at the Hotel Astoria, he had an

informal conversation with Field Marshal Montgomery, and was to see, the next day, the French Premier, Foreign Minister and Minister of Defence. He said that, though he returned as a military commander, he was conscious that no foreign aid alone could defend Europe, and it was each country's duty to secure the essentials of its own defence.



MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN ARRIVES TO COMPLETE THE CONFERENCE OF COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS. HERE SEEN AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH HIS WIFE AND SONS.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, arrived in London by air on January 7, to take part in the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, having changed his original intention not to attend on receiving assurances that the Conference was prepared to have

informal discussions of the Kashmir dispute between India and Pakistan. His decision to attend has been generally welcomed. He said that, if a successful effort were made to end the Kashmir deadlock, the Commonwealth would have rendered a "signal service to world peace."

VISITORS TO EUROPE OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE: GENERAL EISENHOWER; AND MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN.

LAST week my subject was what may be called the isolationist theory of the grand strategy of the United States, as recently outlined by Mr. Hoover. It is not the old isolationism. That was a principle which was to divorce the peaceful United States from warlike Europe and preserve the New World from the fratricidal conflicts of the Old. The new form of isolationism recognises that there is a direct and vital challenge to the United States by Soviet Russia. Where it is isolationist is in the belief that the United States should as far as possible avoid direct intervention in the defence of Europe with her land forces and defend herself by means of strong air and naval forces, giving all possible aid to Europe through them, but should do no more than this. Its basis lies in the shortcomings of Europe in self-defence. The answer was given by Mr. John Foster Dulles, Republican adviser to the State Department, at a dinner of the American Association of the United Nations on December 29. It was an effective speech, though Britons should recall in reading it that Mr. Dulles may not be in a position to influence the isolationists themselves, because they look upon him as a man who has gone over to the enemy; that is, to the Democratic administration. He does influence more moderate Republican opinion.

Mr. Dulles took the line that both in principle and in practice a purely defensive strategy is inadequate. He contended that an impregnable position of defence is a myth; capacity to counter-attack is the only effective deterrent against attack, and at the same time the only effective defence against attack. The most powerful weapon in the hands of the United States is her industrial superiority; but if Russia were permitted to lay hands upon the Ruhr and other European industrial resources and upon the oil of the Middle East, that superiority would no longer exist. Nor would it do—and here he was certainly addressing Mr. Hoover, though he had disclaimed any intention of replying to the latter's speech—to abandon the whole idea of collective security and establish an area of defence to include "such other countries as we might pick because of their capacity to be useful to us." (Mr. Hoover had suggested that Britain might be included in the United States system because she was more readily defensible than nations on the Continental mainland and showed more determination to defend herself.) "There are, I think," said Mr. Dulles, "flaws in that thesis. Any nation which at a moment of supreme danger sheds those of its allies who are most endangered, and to whom it is bound by solemn treaty, by common heritage, and by fellowship in war and peace, is scarcely in a position thereafter to do much picking and choosing for its own account." Mr. Dulles said that the mood which planned defence on the modern isolationist pattern would carry within it the seeds of its own collapse. A United States which adopted such a policy would not be the kind of United States which could defend itself. He was carefully choosing his words and avoiding harsh taunts, but what he said amounted in effect to the strongest criticism launched against isolationist strategy. What has been said of it by blunter commentators in the United States and elsewhere is that, while it professes to be actuated by a sense of realities, it is, in effect, though perhaps not always consciously, actuated by a hankering after a policy of war on the cheap, a war which would create the minimum disturbance to the normal life of the nation, which would demand the services of the smallest possible proportion of its manhood, and would permit that proportion to remain in relatively close touch with hearth and home. To say that this conception is selfish is beside the point; it is, in any case, an illusion.

The Atlantic Treaty does not lay down the number of forces which the United States shall maintain on the Continent, but its whole spirit is directly contrary to the isolationist policy. If the latter were to prevail, the treaty might as well be drastically revised or even abrogated, for all the value which it would then possess. The shortcomings of Europe which Mr. Hoover had in mind were in part caused by the belief, especially in France, that the United States might drag Europe into an unnecessary war

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MR. DULLES ON UNITED STATES STRATEGY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and then leave it to bear most of the weight and almost all the calamities of such a war. American spokesmen, who in some cases undoubtedly took their inspiration from official sources, were to blame in that they lightheartedly told the French that France would provide the infantry and the United States the air cover. I pointed out at the time how disastrous was this spirit. It is only lately that there have been anything like official assurances on this point and it is still too soon to assess their effects, though it is already apparent that they have been beneficial. The handicap on European self-defence may be found to have been lightened by the assurance of more abundant and more practical American aid, with the result that more progress may be made.

Mr. Dulles spoke also of Russia's "internal vulnerability." He said that the arsenal of retaliation should include all forms

no foe within reach of such blows. Yet the combination of sea- and air-power provides the possibility of maintaining air bases, even in isolation, out of the reach of a State, the main strength of which lies in land forces, but within striking range. It also provides the possibility of using aircraft flown from carriers against parts of the enemy's territory. Finally, it keeps open the waterways for the movement of food and military material, while denying their use to the enemy; it enables land forces to be transported to points where they can most effectively be employed, and will not have to face overwhelming hostile superiority of strength, again denying such facilities to the enemy. It is not in itself enough; indeed, Mr. Hoover would subscribe to such a use of resources as here outlined. It needs to be used in conjunction with powerful land forces in the defence of Western Europe. There lies the risk, but it cannot be avoided if the United States is to keep any allies in Europe.

Then comes the problem of Russia's despotic control of her neighbours and associates. It is sometimes urged that in this respect respite from attack is not really to the advantage of the free world because the time is being employed by Russia in consolidating her position. Manifestly she is doing all she can to consolidate it, but I am by no means sure that time

is not on our side. Every world dominion of this sort in the past has broken up sooner or later. It may be that the technique of tyranny is more highly developed now, but I doubt whether this would suffice to overcome the spur given by nationalism to the desire for freedom. Marshal Tito has shaken off the yoke; he may yet have to pay for his boldness, but so far he has preserved his independence. These cracks and strains in the structure are not enough to prevent war: indeed, it has sometimes happened that war has been accepted as a lesser evil than the widening of cracks in an alliance or within a single State. Yet they are likely to provide a deterrent to aggression in time of peace and an embarrassment to any belligerent that has to put up with them in time of war. Perhaps Mr. Dulles made rather too much of them, but he did well to point out their existence, because in general the tendency is to under-rate their importance.

As I wrote last week, it is improbable that isolationist propaganda will divert the United States from its present strategy, because every competent professional adviser of whatever administration may be in office will demonstrate to it that control of the Eurasian land mass by a single hostile Power would in itself constitute a grave threat to American freedom and that the present strategy is the only one likely to prevent such a calamity. There can be no doubt, however, that there are some men who may wield power in future



INVADIED FOR THE SECOND TIME BY COMMUNIST FORCES: A MAP OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA SHOWING THE CAPITAL, SEOUL, WHICH WAS ABANDONED BY UNITED NATIONS FORCES ON JANUARY 3 IN THE FACE OF RENEWED CHINESE ATTACKS.

On January 3, United Nations forces abandoned Seoul and retired southwards, leaving a rearward north of the city. It was reported that a large force of Communist troops were advancing in a south-westerly direction from the mountain areas around Chunchon and Kapyong, presumably with the intention of cutting the line of retreat. On January 7 North Korean forces attacked Wonju, an important road and rail centre in central Korea. Section of a copyright map specially prepared for "The Illustrated London News" by George Philip and Son, Ltd., and previously published in our issue of July 22, 1950.

of counter-attack and that "the places of assembly should be chosen, not as places to defend, but as places suitable for launching the means of destroying the forces of aggression." He put more stress, however, on political weakness. In Russia, he said, in a striking phrase, the political prisoners number twice the total membership of the Communist party, which amounts to only 3 per cent. of the total population and yet enjoys absolute power over all the rest. He considered the situation in the satellite countries even more precarious. A few men were ruling despotically 800,000,000. In Poland and Czechoslovakia the people were forced to accept officials of Russian nationality because no reliable substitutes were to be found in their own countries. Many of the 800,000,000 were sure to be sullen, resentful and eager for change. It was by no means the case, as was often said, that despotism represented a solid block, in contrast to free societies rent asunder by differences. This is very true, and even if the rulers of Russia are confident of holding their partners in subjection, the effort to do so must constitute a stress, going some way to balance the value of their support.

Mr. Dulles put into better words than I have been able to find a great deal of the doctrine which I have been striving to formulate in these pages for several years. First of all, there is the theory of the counter-offensive. Russia's power is mainly Continental, whereas the power of the United States and her allies is mainly oceanic. Russia can deal tremendous short-arm blows, whereas the United States has

who would be prepared to modify that strategy somewhat in an isolationist sense. This would be a heavy blow to the cause of European security. The margin of safety, if it exists at all, is a very small one. All that all free States can do will not be too much and may, in fact, be too little. I can again only repeat that the best precaution that can be taken on this side of the Atlantic is to make it clear to the United States that the Western European nations will do all in their power to defend themselves. Unity and endeavour will provide the best guarantees of unrestricted American aid.

It would be a mistaken and unfair reading of Mr. Hoover's words to put them down to selfishness pure and simple, though the policy they express has many selfish advocates. Mr. Hoover expresses a genuine anxiety that the sacrifices now demanded of the United States would be vain because they would be made for a confederation infirm of purpose; as it were, backing a horse whose jockey was not trying to win. If this were really the case, there would be a good deal to be said for Mr. Hoover's thesis and it might well be wiser for the United States to defend herself alone rather than mingle her forces with those of unreliable allies. In default of Europe, as Mr. Dulles has shown, the United States would be grievously hampered in a solitary fight; in default of full aid from the United States, Europe could not be made secure; in default of proof of European determination, full aid would become doubtful and would always be in danger of being whittled away. The moral for both is clear.



READING A CITATION PRESENTED TO THE COMMONWEALTH 27TH BRIGADE WHICH HAS DISTINGUISHED ITSELF IN REARGUARD ACTIONS FOLLOWING CHINESE INTERVENTION IN THE KOREAN WAR: MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK MILBURN, COMMANDER OF I. CORPS, WITH BRIGADIER COAD (LEFT), WHO COMMANDS THE BRIGADE.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN KOREA: AN AUSTRALIAN PADRE CONDUCTING AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE BEHIND THE LINES UNDER THE FLAGS OF AUSTRALIA AND THE UNITED NATIONS. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT EVERY MAN HAS HIS RIFLE ON THE GROUND BESIDE HIM.

TROOPS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH IN KOREA: A CITATION; AND A CHRISTMAS-DAY SERVICE.

On December 23, Lieut.-General Walton Walker, Commander of the U.S. Eighth Army, died following a collision between the jeep in which he was travelling and a 3-ton lorry. He was on his way to present a citation to the British Commonwealth 27th Brigade which has distinguished itself in rearguard actions during the withdrawal of U.N. forces in west Korea. The presentation was subsequently made

by Major-General Frank Milburn, Commanding I. Corps, to Brigadier Coad. British troops received about 24 tons of Christmas mail by Christmas Day, including 12,500 parcels which were flown out to Japan by special aircraft, and taken from there to Korea by the Royal Australian Air Force. Some units made a feature of Christmas-trees decorated with strips of paper and Christmas-cards.



(ABOVE) THE UNITED STATES EIGHTH ARMY RETREAT FROM SEOUL ON JANUARY 3: A SCENE IN THE BURNING CITY, IN WHICH OVER 200 FIRES WERE RAGING.

HEAVY news continues to arrive from Korea. On January 3, the U.S. Eighth Army abandoned Seoul, the Southern Korean capital, and on January 4, troops guarding Inchon, the port of Seoul (where the American landing took place in September), were evacuated. Chinese troops in large numbers, supported by artillery, had resumed violent attacks on U.N. troops in front of Seoul, striking simultaneously from the north-west down the main railway and highway from Kaesong and from the north-east along the railway line from abandoned Uijongbu. The capital was on January 3 transformed into a ghost town, with great fires blazing in every direction, for it was necessary to destroy all that might be of use to the enemy. Chinese troops on January 4 advanced through the ruins and attempted to encircle the retreating United Nations forces and drive them into the sea at Inchon, but nearly all the troops and many

(Continued opposite)

(RIGHT) OVERLOOKING THE FROZEN IMJIN RIVER: A SENTINEL IN A FOXHOLE ON A HILL KEEPING A LOOKOUT FOR ADVANCING CHINESE COMMUNIST OR NORTH KOREAN FORCES BEFORE THE FALL OF SEOUL.



THE EVACUATION BY SEA FROM INCHON: UNITED NATIONS TROOPS, LADEN WITH COMBAT GEAR, COMING ABOARD AN L.S.T. IN THE HARBOUR ON JANUARY 4.

RETREAT FROM SEOUL, EVACUATION OF



SEOUL'S MAIN STREET ON THE FATEFUL JANUARY 3: THE EVACUATION HAD BEEN COMPLETED, BUT A WIND-WHIPPED BANNER STILL HUNG ALOFT.



AIR STRIKE SOMEWHERE IN NORA: A MARINE CORSAIR ZOOMING SKYWARD (CENTRE) AFTER DROPPING NAPALM ON A COMMUNIST CONCENTRATION; AND MARINES ABOUT TO ADVANCE.

INCHON: GRIM EVENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR.



THE EVACUATION OF WOUNDED AMERICAN G.I.'S: STRETCHER-BEARERS CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN ACROSS SEOUL AIRPORT WHILE BUILDINGS BLAZE IN THE BACKGROUND.



(ABOVE) GUARDING THE MOVEMENTS OF TRUCKS AND TROOPS OUT OF SEOUL: UNITED NATIONS SENTRIES IN POSITION ON A ROOF DURING THE EVACUATION.



(Continued.)
vehicles were taken off in L.S.T.'s. Chinese forces which occupied Seoul, sent some 1000 men across the frozen Han River to occupy Kimpo airfield. A British brigade in the outskirts of Seoul successfully delayed the approach of the Chinese during the withdrawal until an American division took over. Lieut.-General Ridgway, who since the death of General Walton H. Walker has taken over the unified command of the U.N. troops, is reported to have referred to the fate of the many refugees who travelled from Seoul on the roofs of railway coaches or in trucks, frozen with cold (many died of exposure), as "perhaps the greatest tragedy to which Asia has been subjected in the course of its long history." President Syngman Rhee and the other Government leaders left Seoul for Pusan shortly before the evacuation, having been preceded by members of the National Assembly.

(LEFT) "PERHAPS THE GREATEST TRAGEDY TO WHICH ASIA HAS BEEN SUBJECTED IN THE COURSE OF ITS LONG HISTORY": KOREAN CIVILIAN REFUGEES FROM SEOUL SWARMING ON TO A SOUTHBOUND TRAIN.



THE RUSH OF UNHAPPY MEN AND WOMEN TO ESCAPE FROM THE ADVANCING ENEMY: KOREAN CIVILIANS CLIMBING ABOARD A TRAIN LEAVING SEOUL. MANY DIED FROM EXPOSURE.



PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE, WHO LEFT SEOUL FOR PUSAN, AND LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE UNIFIED COMMAND OF THE U.N. TROOPS.



RUSSIA'S MYSTERY BATTLESHIPS: SOVIETSKI SOYUZ—WHAT THE PROTOTYPE OF THE NEW CLASS MAY LOOK LIKE, IF AND WHEN COMPLETED—COMPARED WITH H.M.S. VANGUARD AND U.S.S. IOWA.

Little hard fact is known about Russian naval construction, but there has been a great deal of speculation and rumour—particularly about the building of battleships. It is known that in 1939 a battleship (the first of a class of three) was laid down at Leningrad, and that this 'incomplete ship' (*Sovietski Soyuz*, i.e., "Soviet Union") was badly damaged by German bombing. What follows is rumour, report and speculation from Scandinavian and Baltic countries: that *Sovietski Soyuz* has been demolished, has been launched and is being completed, and has been completed and is in commission; that her sister-ships, *Strana Sovietov* ("Country—or Coasts—of the Soviet") and

Sovietskaya Byelorussia ("Soviet Byelorussia") are being completed at Archangel. The last two editions of "Jane's Fighting Ships" have given, with reserve, an artist's impression of *Sovietski Soyuz's* probable appearance, and have summarised the rumours. Here our artist, who has had the assistance of the Editor of "Jane's Fighting Ships" and who has studied many conflicting reports from Sweden and Denmark, has given a general impression of what *Sovietski Soyuz* may possibly look like, if and when completed; and has added, for purposes of comparison, drawings of H.M.S. *Vanguard* and the "Iowa" class of U.S. battleship, the two most modern types of Western

battleship in commission. The principal armament of these Russian battleships is stated to be either 15- or 16-in. guns mounted in either two or three triple turrets. They are generally agreed to be beamy ships with a shallow draught suitable for action in the Baltic and to carry a secondary armament of twenty dual-purpose guns of about 5-in. calibre. Many displacement figures are given, but it seems probable that they are of at least 43,000 tons. It is believed that a number of German experts have been "co-opted" to assist in modernising the design and incorporating the results of war experience. It is generally believed that they have two domed towers (fore and aft) for

launching guided missiles. The ships are thought to be very congested internally, and to have engines more powerful than those of the U.S. "Iowa" class, and giving a speed of over 33 knots. If these three battleships are completed, or nearing completion, they undoubtedly make a menacing addition to Russia's battleship strength, especially as the remainder of that strength consists of *Novorossiisk* (formerly the Italian *Giulio Cesare*, launched 1911) and *Cangini* and *Sevastopol* (both launched 1911); and it is noteworthy that Russia is the only major naval Power at present increasing her battleship strength—if indeed these reports are founded on fact.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED FROM SWEDISH AND OTHER SOURCES.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY QUINCENTENARY; GADGETS AND DEVICES.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, NOW CELEBRATING THE QUINCENTENARY OF ITS CHARTER: A VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS ON GILMOREHILL, FROM KELVINGROVE PARK.

On January 7, 1451, William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow, obtained from the Pope, Nicholas V., the charter for the new University of Glasgow. This year that University celebrates its quincentenary.



CARRYING THE FLAME BY RELAYS OF RUNNERS FROM THE FOUNDER'S HOME IN ROXBURGHSHIRE TO THE UNIVERSITY IN GLASGOW: THE OPENING OF THE QUINCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS. The ceremonies began with relays of students bringing a flame from Bedrule on Rulewater (in Roxburghshire) 100 miles by road to Glasgow, to light there the torches of a grand procession.



A MACHINE TO HAUNT COLONEL BOGEY'S DREAMS: A MACHINE-DRIVEN, RADIO-CONTROLLED COMBINATION LAWN-MOWER AND CADDY-CART—AT LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

Mr. J. Walker, of Portland, Oregon, has combined a small motor-mower and a wheeled golf-club bag into the peculiar hybrid seen here, and added to that the means of controlling its movements by radio, either at short range (left-hand picture) or from as far away as two miles.



THE INVENTOR OF THE COMBINATION RADIO-CONTROLLED MOTOR-MOWER AND CADDY-CART, HOLDING (RIGHT) THE TWO-MILE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT.



HOW TO HOUSE A CONVENTION: A CARAVAN TOWNSHIP, COMPLETE WITH STREET LAMPS, GARDENS AND A PUB, BROUGHT INTO BEING IN OLYMPIA.

This caravan city—or up-to-date version of the caravanserai—was brought into being to house the delegates at a sales conference. A gross of new caravans were arranged into a neat village, with the usual village amenities—but with the added advantages of mobility and transitoriness.



LIFTING THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHEET OF POLISHED PLATE GLASS—BY MEANS OF SUCKERS—TO TAKE ITS PLACE IN THE FESTIVAL'S POWER AND PRODUCTION BUILDING.

On January 4, the world's largest sheet of polished plate glass (8 ft. by 50 ft. by 1 ins.) was hoisted into position as a window in the Power and Production Building at the Festival site. A second sheet was held in reserve against accidents, but was not needed, and will be cut into smaller windows.

THE CAMERA RECORDS THE PASSING SCENE: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



(ABOVE.) A LIVING LINK WITH THE YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: OLD BILL, THE FAMOUS COCKATOO AT THE LONDON ZOO, WHO CELEBRATES HIS CENTENARY THIS YEAR AND MIGHT WELL BE CONSIDERED FOR INCLUSION IN THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.



THE SEARCH FOR THE CORONATION STONE: DETECTIVES EXAMINING A BOMBED SITE IN TUFTON STREET, WESTMINSTER.

On the evening of Jan. 6 a passer-by noticed a small oak plaque on a bombed site in Tufton Street, Westminster, which proved to be the notice referring to the Coronation Chair, which sometimes stood on the Chair itself. The site is some 400 yards from the 'Poets' Corner door through which the Coronation Stone was taken on Christmas Day.



(RIGHT.) THE ROYAL NAVY'S FAST PATROL BOATS EXERCISING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS FROM H.M.S. HORNET AT FULL SPEED. THESE CRAFT HAVE A DISPLACEMENT OF 47 TONS, CARRY FOUR 18-IN. TORPEDO TUBES, AND TRAVEL AT 34 KNOTS. THESE LIGHT CRAFT ARE 73 FT. LONG AND HAVE A COMPLEMENT OF 13.



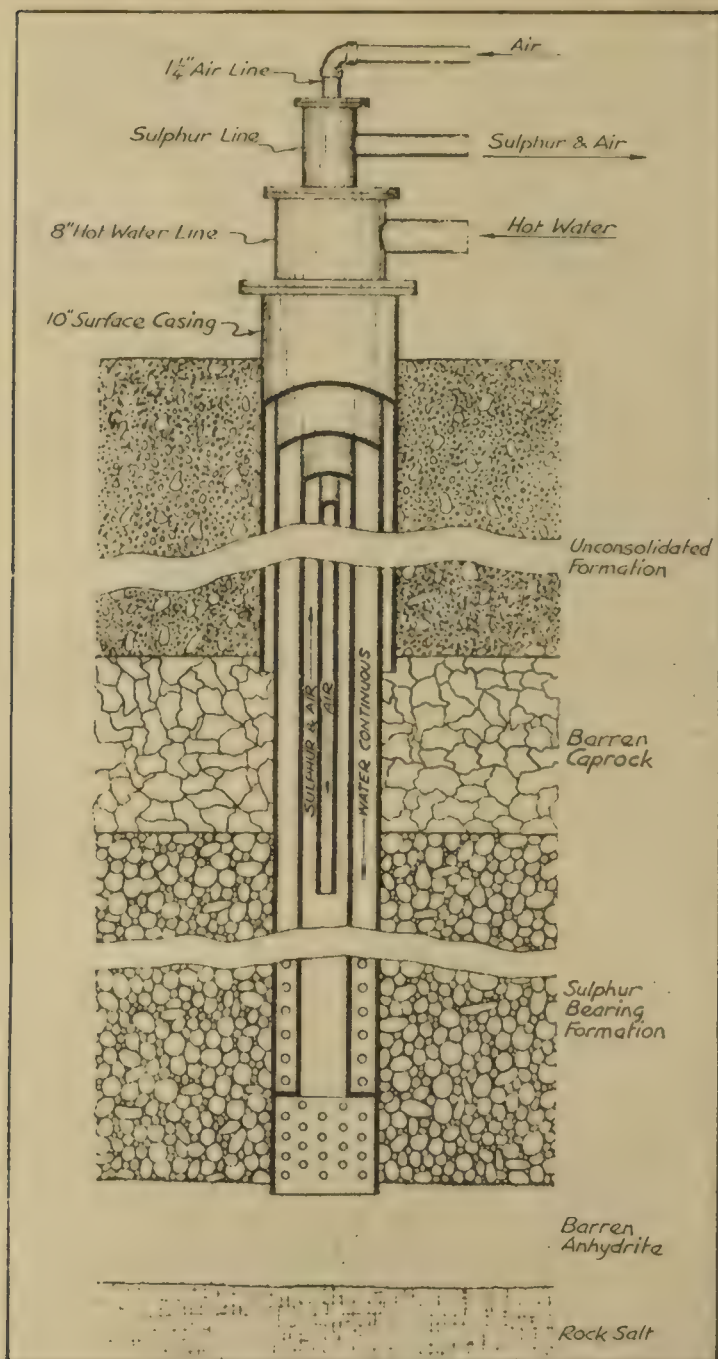
A NEW TYPE OF HELMET FOR AIRPORT FIRE-FIGHTING TEAMS; A VIEW SHOWING THE VISOR OF HEAT- AND FIRE-RESISTING PLASTIC WHICH PROTECTS THE FIREMAN'S FACE FROM BURNING PETROL.



CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH "PRINTED" BY ATOMIC-RAY BOMBARDMENT (RIGHT); AND THE INVENTOR OF THE PROCESS, DR. KUAN-HAN SUN.

A Westinghouse Research scientist, Dr. Kuan-Han Sun, recently "printed" a photograph by atomic-ray bombardment. On the left he is seen placing a sheet of film between blocks of paraffin wax near the target end of the cyclotron at the University of Pittsburgh. The encased film was bombarded with neutrons, became radio-active and when placed in contact with a sheet of sensitive paper, produced the picture seen on the right—the Westinghouse Atom-smasher. The project was tried simply as a research experiment.

MINING SULPHUR WITH HOT WATER: U.S. PRODUCTION OF A NEWLY-RATIONED MINERAL.

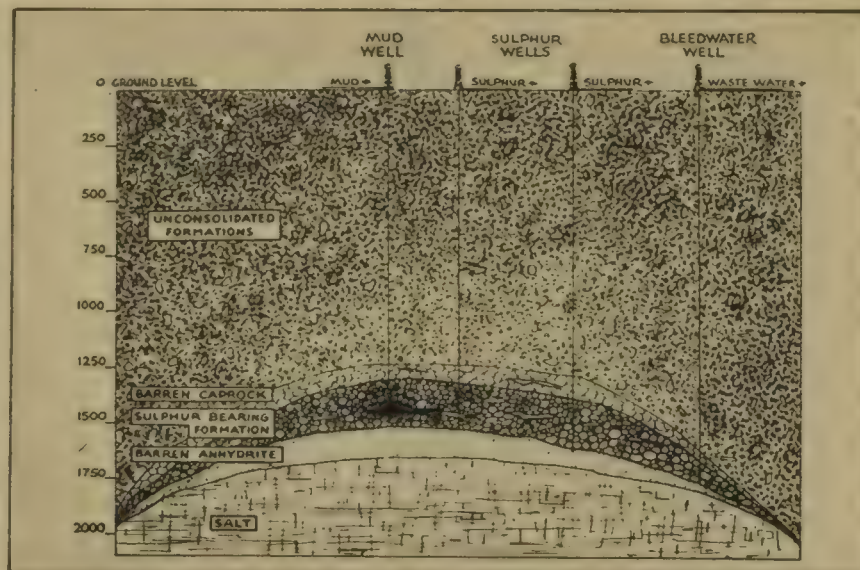


MINING SULPHUR BY DISSOLVING IT UNDERGROUND: A DIAGRAMMATIC CROSS-SECTION OF A TYPICAL U.S. SULPHUR WELL, SHOWING THE CONCENTRIC PIPE SYSTEM, EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT.

(RIGHT.) A TYPICAL LOUISIANA SULPHUR FORMATION, ON A SALT DOME, WITH TWO SULPHUR WELLS AND SUPPORTING MUD- AND BLEED-WATER WELLS.

ON January 8, sulphur and sulphuric acid came under a rationing scheme in this country in consequence of the reduction of American exports of sulphur. Sulphur, which has been used by man for over 4000 years for various purposes, has become in the last hundred years a mineral of the first importance and is

(Continued below, right.)



(ABOVE.) A U.S. SULPHUR MINEFIELD. EACH DERRICK TOPS A WELL IN WHICH SUPERHEATED WATER AND COMPRESSED AIR MELT THE UNDERGROUND SULPHUR AND FORCE IT TO THE SURFACE AS A FLUID.



(Continued.) used in scores of industries for innumerable purposes and is of vital necessity in the manufacture of fertilisers, plastics, explosives, rubber, dyes, ink and paper, to name but a few of its uses. The sources of the world's sulphur supply are stated to be as follows: by extraction from pyrites, 54 per cent.; as a by-product of industrial gases, 10 per cent.; native sulphur other than American, 8 per cent.; and native American sulphur, 28 per cent.—figures which immediately underline the significance of the U.S. control of sulphur. At the beginning of

(LEFT.) AN AERIAL VIEW OF A LOUISIANA SULPHUR MINEFIELD, SHOWING THE SWAMPY DELTA LAND WHICH HAS TO SOME EXTENT DICTATED THE METHOD OF OPERATION.



(ABOVE.) LOADING THE SOLID SULPHUR FROM THE HUGE VATS IN WHICH IT HAS SOLIDIFIED AFTER BEING PUMPED FROM UNDERGROUND IN MOLTEN FORM.

the last century, when the industrial importance of sulphur was becoming apparent, Sicily had practically a monopoly of the world's sulphur; and in 1839 a company which had gained control of this monopoly raised the price by 200 per cent. and, not unnaturally, gave a tremendous impetus to the research for other sources of the mineral. The huge sulphur fields of Texas and Louisiana were not discovered until 1865, and for nearly twenty-five years they could not be exploited as they lay deep underground, guarded by treacherous layers of quicksand and deadly gas. In the 1890's, however, Dr. Herman Frasch conceived the idea of mining the sulphur not as a solid, but as a liquid; and, despite scepticism and ridicule, in 1894 he pumped the first golden flow of molten sulphur from the Calcasieu Parish deposit in Louisiana, and eight years later the method was an established commercial success. The sulphur is found in porous limestone in the rock "cap" of the salt dome. A hole is sunk to the bottom layer of the "caprock." As shown in the top left diagram, four concentric pipes are placed in this borehole. The outer is a protective casing; between the next and the next but one inner pipes superheated water (at about 330 deg. F.) is forced down and out into the sulphur deposits, where it melts the sulphur. Down the central pipe comes compressed air, and this forces up the molten sulphur. At the surface the molten sulphur is sprayed out into huge metal-sided vats (often 1200 ft. long, 120 ft. wide and 50 ft. high). There it cools into a solid block. Rails are run alongside this block, and mechanical excavators scoop out the block sulphur (after drilling and blasting) and load it in one operation into railway trucks.

(RIGHT.) THE MOLTEN SULPHUR BEING SPRAYED ON TO THE TOP OF A HUGE NEWLY FORMING VAT, WHICH STANDS BESIDE THE GREAT GOLDEN BULK OF A SOLIDIFIED VAT (RIGHT AND BACKGROUND).





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HYRAX: A NATURAL ODD-MAN-OUT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HYRAXES represent one of life's loose ends, a sort of natural odd-man-out. Found only in Africa and south-west Asia, they are small, thick-set, active animals, up to 18 ins. long, looking rather like greyish-brown rabbits, with short muzzles and small, round ears. There is nothing remarkable in their appearance or habits, yet they have presented a puzzle which succeeding generations of zoologists have failed to resolve. Internally and externally they seem to suggest different things to different people, and in their anatomy more particularly, though to some extent in their external characters too, they present something of a hotch-potch. The names bestowed on them in different parts of their range are also somewhat confusing.

The order Hyracoidea, with the single family Procaviidae, comprises the rock-hyraxes (*Procavia*) and the tree-hyraxes (*Dendrohyrax*). The best-known species are the Cape-hyrax, or Dassie (*Procavia capensis*), of Cape Province and South-West Africa; and the daman or cherogril of Syria (*P. syriaca*); but in between are numerous species and races, in the Transvaal, Angola, East Africa, Abyssinia and the Sudan, in the Congo, Nigeria and the Cameroons. The Syrian species also has local races in Palestine and Southern Arabia. The tree-hyraxes have a more restricted range in South and East Africa, and the equatorial forests, as well as in Fernando Po and Zanzibar.

Externally the most noteworthy feature are the feet, and the mixture of characters here epitomises the living museum of curiosities with which we have to deal. The fore-feet have four functional toes, with a fifth, a mere stump, that presumably is vestigial. The hind-feet have three toes each, the inner one of which bears a curved claw, like that found in lemurs. The other two, like the toes of the fore-feet, bear short nails, suggesting the beginnings of hoofs, recalling those of the rhinoceroses. Altogether a strange assortment, having little relation, so far as is known, to the animal's behaviour and habits. Outwardly there is little more that calls for comment, except the general form, which is reflected in the various names bestowed on hyraxes at one time or another. Rock-rabbits is a fairly general name; and it can be recalled here that the hyraxes are the conies of the Bible. Cherogril, from the Greek, suggests pig; and dassie, from *dasje*, means a little badger. Another name for the Cape-hyrax is klipdas, or cliff-badger.

The main skeleton is regarded by anatomists as having much in common with that of the rhinoceros, though a remarkable feature is the large number of ribs, there being more pairs than in other mammals except the sloths. This is surprising, for it is generally assumed that this multiplicity of ribs in sloths is an adaptation to their mode of life, forming a basket to support the viscera when the animal is hanging upside down. There is no obvious purpose this same multiplicity of ribs could serve in the hyraxes.

The teeth of hyraxes also present us with a queer mixture. The upper incisors, of which there is one pair, recall those of rodents. They are long and curved, and grow from a persistent pulp, but instead of being chisel-like they are prismatic and end in sharp points. The lower front teeth include two pairs of rooted teeth, quite unlike those of rodents, and the outer pair are nearly horizontal and their crowns are divided into three lobes. Between these front teeth and the cheek-teeth there is a gap, recalling the diastema of rodents; and the upper cheek-teeth have been compared with those of the rhinoceros, and the lower teeth with those of the hippopotamus. There seems no obvious purpose to be served by such a

curious and mixed dentition, for hyraxes are, apparently, quite ordinary vegetarians, feeding on leaves, young shoots and fruit. The vegetarian habit is also reflected in the supplementary caeca with which the intestine is supplied, and which, incidentally, constitute another unusual museum-piece in this quaint animal.



THE DASSIE OF SOUTH AFRICA, *PROCAVIA CAPENSIS*, WHICH LIVES AMONG ROCKS AND ON CLIFFS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A CAPTIVE ANIMAL SHOWS, HOWEVER, ITS ABILITY TO CLIMB TREES IN ADDITION TO BEING ABLE TO SCRAMBLE OVER ROCKS.



THE DORSAL HYRAX, *DENDROHYRAX DORSALIS*, FROM WEST AFRICA: ONE OF THE TREE-HYRAXES. APART FROM OCCUPYING A DOUBTFUL POSITION IN THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE MAMMALS, HYRAXES TEND TO UPSET ORTHODOX OPINION BY THEIR ABILITY TO CLIMB ALTHOUGH ILL-EQUIPPED FOR THE PURPOSE.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

The rock-rabbits, or rock-hyraxes, dassies, damans or cherogrils, to recapitulate a few of the alternative names, live among rocks or on cliffs. They are timid and inoffensive, and are preyed upon by large birds, by leopards, jackals and dogs. As is usual with animals of this nature, their safety lies in their ability to seek shelter and their habit of keeping close to it. They are also credited with posting a look-out when feeding, usually an old male, who gives warning of danger by uttering shrill squeaks that send the rest scuttling to safety. This may, perhaps, be accepted

with caution, since so many of the classic instances of animals posting sentries have been discredited by close observation, or severe doubt cast on their validity.

How closely the rock-rabbits cling to cover may be gauged from the fact that they are more often heard than seen, a feature that is reflected in their local names, which are sometimes merely onomatopœic renderings of the animals' cries. Their very noisiness is doubtless a protection, affording signals of security or danger to individuals over a wide area. When tamed, and hyraxes are readily tamed, two things seem to have impressed their captors—their inquisitiveness and their habit of "shouting down" other noises.

Tree-hyraxes differ mainly in their habit of sheltering in holes in trees and thereby expose another of the strange anomalies to which attention has already been drawn. The toes, as we have seen, bear small, somewhat hoof-like nails, except for the inner toes of the hind-feet, that bear curved claws. The feet themselves bear soft pads on their undersides. The tail is very short. In other words, there is none of the normal equipment we are accustomed to look for in climbing animals. There is no balancing tail, or prehensile tail, as in monkeys and others. There are no grasping fingers or sharp claws. In fact, from a mere inspection of the animal one would not suspect that it could shin up the smooth boles of trees. It has been suggested that the pads on the feet are adhesive. At all events, rock-hyraxes can run over the smooth faces of rocks and tree-hyraxes can readily climb trees with smooth barks.

Attempts to arrange the hyraxes neatly into the orderly classification of mammals have met with no conspicuous success. To begin with, they were placed among the rodents, largely because of the somewhat rodent-like characters of the upper incisors. One cannot help but suspect, however, that the early zoologists were influenced more by the gap between the front teeth and the cheek-teeth, so reminiscent of rabbits and rats, and also, no doubt, by the rabbit-like appearance of the body. The brain is, however, more like that of an ungulate than a rodent, and then there are the ungulate resemblances in the cheek-teeth and the skeleton. The hoofed-animals were once brought together in the order Ungulata, now accepted as no more than a zoological litter-basket. This order is, accordingly, now split into a number of separate orders—making several litter-baskets instead of one! And in this new scheme we have the order Hyracoidea for the hyraxes. Though where to place the order is somewhat of a conundrum. Usually it is placed next to the order Proboscidea, or elephants, presumably because its skeleton is said to resemble that of rhinoceroses, and its cheek-teeth those of rhinoceroses (order Perissodactyla) and hippopotamuses (order Artiodactyla)! Such placing is also inconsistent with the assertion, usually made, that the hyraxes represent survivors of an ancient, generalised type of ungulate. In any case, it is improbable that an animal with so many special features can be justly accepted as the survivor from a generalised type except in so far as all species, if the

evolutionary theory has any foundation, are survivors of generalised types.

Taking everything together, the hyraxes constitute quite certainly a zoological puzzle.

One final thing may be added to the general confusion. The rock-hyraxes have a "dark, glandular spot" in the centre of the back. In the tree-hyraxes this is white. Its function is unknown, but it is interesting to note that in the tree-hyrax, in moments of excitement, this spot flicks open and shut, a similar spot being found in certain antelopes and deer.



THE EFFECT OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE RECORDED BY FLASH-BULB EXPOSURE OF ABOUT $\frac{1}{50000}$ TH OF A SECOND: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF VISITORS TO THE SIDESHOWS AT BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS, OLYMPIA, APPARENTLY DEFYING GRAVITY ON THE "RIDE-A-WALL."



THE SAME BIRD IN EIGHT POSITIONS AS IT BECOMES AIRBORNE: A REMARKABLE SERIES OF PICTURES TAKEN BY MEANS OF THE ELECTRONIC MULTIFLASH CAMERA. EACH FLASH WAS $\frac{1}{10,000}$ TH OF A SECOND. THE DISTANCE OF THE PIGEON FROM THE CAMERA WAS THREE YARDS.

THE FLIGHT OF A BIRD AND THE EFFECT OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE ANALYSED AND DEMONSTRATED IN A STRIKING MANNER BY MODERN HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPHY.

Visitors trying the "Ride-a-Wall" sideshow at the circus, Olympia, enter a hollow cylinder and stand against the circular wall. As cylinder and floor begin to revolve the floor sinks, and as the speed increases the visitors are "stuck" to the wall, their feet off the floor. They can, if they wish, stand on their heads without difficulty or inconvenience. As speed is reduced they come gently to earth again. The photograph was taken with flash-bulb exposure of about $\frac{1}{50000}$ th of a second.

Our photographs of a pigeon in eight positions as it takes flight were recorded with the aid of a new multiple flash and show in detail the bird's wing-beat as it gains altitude. This was done by the Electronic Multiflash. The new device consists of eight electron flash tubes giving flashes of $\frac{1}{10,000}$ th second at regular intervals within $\frac{1}{3}$ rd to $\frac{1}{300}$ th part of a second. It is synchronised to the camera and was set at $\frac{1}{3}$ rd second for these pictures. Lens aperture 4.5 with P. 1200 plates.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE STORY OF TIN-ENAMEL.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NO, not pots and pans, but a particular method of glazing and decorating earthenware which originated in the Near East, spread to Spain by the fifteenth century, was adopted in Italy, is best known in Northern Europe by the name of "Delft," from the little town in Holland which, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was an important centre of its manufacture, and which reached England some time during the sixteenth century, possibly by way of Antwerp. It was made at Bristol as late as the 1760's, and was finally supplanted by the far more robust and useful china of Staffordshire.

That very, very briefly is its story, and these three illustrations provide some indication of its range, both stylistically and geographically, and in the first two examples show what noble use certain gifted potters made of this particular technique. Although the range of colours is limited, honours by general consent go to the very early pieces from Southern Spain. They are classified as Hispano-Moresque in all the text books, and the name is neatly descriptive of their character—they are Moorish in style, and equally clearly, not wholly Moorish in spirit. Fig. 3 is an excellent example of this ware: the major colour is a golden lustre—a soft gleaming gold; the details which appear black in the illustration are blue. This comes from Valencia, and was made about the end of the fifteenth century. Such things were not made for use on a table but to rest on a shelf or to hang on a wall. Needless to say, they are rare and desirable from any point of view. For that reason imitations are not unknown, but I have not yet seen one which did not look raw and shiny; such a dish as this must be as difficult to imitate as anything in the world.

There are two theories as to how the tin-enamel method reached Italy. One is that it came in the ordinary course of trade from the eastern end of the Mediterranean. The second—and the one which seems to be generally accepted—is based upon the name which the Italians gave to their own version of the ware, i.e., Maiolica. The island of Majorca seems to have been a depôt for the coastal trade of

Italy with numerous consignments, and so start the manufacture. The first Italian dated piece is marked 1475, but the ware was certainly made many years before this, and there are examples of as early as the fourteenth century which do not seem to show any Southern Spanish influence, but rather Persian, which emphasises the possibility that the original inspiration came direct from the East. Faenza was one of the earliest centres of the pottery industry, and just as Delft, in Holland, gave its name to the language later as a rough-and-ready description of tin-enamel

fired at a temperature which will not harm the existing decoration. In short, marks are valuable indications of date and provenance, but, as so many other things in a naughty world, are not always what they seem, any more than are specious-looking signatures or monograms on paintings. (*A propos* of the latter, by the way, visitors to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, after enjoying the superb Holbeins and Titians, can stand before No. 335 by Luca Giordano and ask themselves why on earth anyone ever bothered to add a false James Thornhill signature to it.)

With Fig. 2 we come down to earth—no more elegant geometry as in Fig. 3, no more Paris and the three goddesses, with Cupid at his mother's feet, and Mercury, the messenger of the gods, in the background and a wide landscape beyond, but an English barber's bowl with the tools of his trade painted upon it framed in a conventional border of fronds. Made at Lambeth about the year 1700. It is a pleasant, amusing piece and deliberately chosen to represent an article made for use rather than for decoration. Lambeth seems to have been the main centre for this type of pottery for many years, and then the method was taken up at Bristol and Liverpool, while Staffordshire remained obstinately faithful to the production of slip-ware, always looked upon as typically English, until, of course, the great developments of the eighteenth century revolutionised the industry. The earliest dated specimen of Lambeth Delft belongs to the year 1628, but it is thought that the process actually began in several little pot-works during the reign of Elizabeth.

Apart from purely useful mugs and plates, a very vigorous but decidedly crude style of decoration was used in the latter half of the seventeenth century for large dishes and chargers, which, like their nobler and older relations from South Spain and Italy, were made to hang on a wall or to decorate a dresser—in tulip designs, for example, within a border of blue dashes (indeed, "blue dash chargers" form a whole class by themselves), and—much sought after and consequently twice the price—certain portrait plates, with William III. as first favourite. Nor, amid all this, must one forget a whole series of drug-pots made for the apothecaries, of which Mr. Geoffrey Howard has a notable collection. Bristol, starting, of course, in a very homely way, eventually developed a particularly charming mannerism, thanks largely to one or two unusually gifted men, first among whom I would place



FIG. 1. BEARING A PICTURE OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: A FINE CASTEL DURANTE MAIOLICA TAZZA.

This fine dish, or *tazza*, is typical of a large class of Italian glazed earthenware, known as Maiolica, of the sixteenth century, bearing scenes derived from contemporary engravings. Classical subjects were frequently chosen. [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]

practice, so was Faenza, in its French form "faïence," adopted as a generic term for many kinds of glazed earthenware. (Some few enthusiasts derive the name from a little place near Cannes, but there seems to be little or no evidence in support of this view.)

The best-known period of Italian Maiolica is the sixteenth century, and the most popular type is that derived from engravings. These were legion—first those of Marc Antonio Raimondi and his innumerable followers, and later those of the school of the Caracci. Special favourites were illustrations of classical legends from Virgil and Ovid, and the fine dish from Castel Durante, with its picture of the Judgment of Paris, is a typical example (Fig. 1). The marks, where there are any—and by no means all are marked—are often very elaborate and provide quite a lot of information, sometimes not only the name of the painter, but that of the factory and its owner. Some persons pay excessive deference to marks and are liable to forget the diabolical skill of certain ingenious individuals who have in the past added a famous mark to an unmarked piece or erased a mark of little account and substituted for it another more fashionable, and consequently more [profitable]. It is a difficult operation, especially when dealing with wares made before the eighteenth century, for up till then marks were either stamped or incised in the body of the piece while it was soft,

or painted under the glaze; to scrape that away, substitute another, and restore the glaze above it, is clearly not a task for an amateur, however unscrupulous. It is much simpler in the case of later pieces with marks over the glaze, for a false mark can be added and



FIG. 2. ADORNED WITH REPRESENTATIONS OF THE TOOLS OF HIS TRADE: AN ENGLISH BARBER'S BOWL, MADE AT LAMBETH C. 1700. This English barber's bowl, made at Lambeth c. 1700, is, writes Frank Davis, "a pleasant, amusing piece." He adds that it has been deliberately chosen for illustration "to represent an article made for use rather than for decoration." [By courtesy of the Brighton Museum and Art Gallery.]

Southern Spain; these Hispano-Moresque pieces were collected there and sent on to Italy, and were thought to have been made in the island. That, anyway, is the explanation which has been current for many years. Presumably workmen would find their way to



FIG. 3. MAINLY GOLD-LUSTRE AND BLUE: A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HISPANO-MOESQUE DISH FROM VALENCIA.

The name given to the very early pieces of pottery from Southern Spain decorated with tin-enamel glaze is Hispano-Moresque, and "the name is neatly descriptive of their character—they are Moorish in style, and equally clearly, not wholly Moorish in spirit." [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]

Michael Edkins, actor, singer, scene-painter and pottery decorator; his pseudo-Chinese landscapes, on the plates he painted in the 1760's, get as near to the Chinese themselves as any Westerner can hope to do, yet are by no means slavish copies.

WOBURN ABBEY PAINTINGS TO BE DISPERSED: DUTCH, FLEMISH AND BRITISH WORKS DUE FOR SALE.



"THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), A WORK ENGRAVED BY ANKER SMITH, A.R.A. (On copper. 18½ by 26½ ins.)

THE collection at Woburn Abbey accumulated by succeeding generations of the Russell family from the sixteenth century onwards, is one of the most important in private hands in this country. It will be remembered that, through the generosity of the Duke of Bedford, nearly 100 paintings from his collection were exhibited last autumn at the Royal Academy Galleries, and that we illustrated them in our issue dated September 30, 1950. Now, owing to dry rot, half of Woburn Abbey has had to be demolished; in consequence, the Duke of Bedford has decided to disperse part of the collection, and on Friday, January 19, some 200 works, paintings by Old Masters, historical (not family) portraits and drawings, will come under the

[Continued below.]



"A VIEW OUTSIDE 'THE BUNCH OF GRAPES' TAVERN"; BY JAMES WARD, R.A. (1769-1859). A TEAM OF HORSES ARE HAULING UP A BARREL FROM THE INN, AND A DISTANT VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S MAY BE DESCRIBED IN THE BACKGROUND. (Panel. 33 by 46 ins.)



"A HILLY LANDSCAPE"; BY GEORGE LAMBERT (1710-1765), AT ONE TIME THE PRINCIPAL SCENE-PAINTER AT COVENT GARDEN. (34½ by 72 ins.)

[Continued.]

hammer at Christie's. These include the paintings illustrated. "The Death of Abel," by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, was at one time in the collection of Lord Melbourne. It was engraved by J. Heath, and forms Plate 21 in Forster's "British Gallery of Engravings," published in 1807. The Rubens "Death of Hippolytus" was engraved by Anker Smith, A.R.A., and published in Forster's "British Gallery of Engravings," folio 1807-10, and in mezzotint by R. Earlom, 1796. The portrait of the

[Continued below, right.]



"PORTRAIT OF RENÉ DESCARTES" (1596-1650), THE PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR OF "PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY"; BY PHILIP DE CHAMPAIGNE (1602-1674). (34 by 28 ins.)



"THE DEATH OF ABEL," GENESIS IV., 8; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). ENGRAVED BY J. HEATH, PLATE 21 IN FORSTER'S "BRITISH GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS" (1807). FORMERLY IN LORD MELBOURNE'S COLLECTION. (55 by 70 ins.)



"PEASANTS AT A REPAST IN A FARMHOUSE"; BY ADRIAEN BROUWER (c. 1615-1638); WHO WAS BORN IN HAARLEM AND WORKED THERE, IN AMSTERDAM AND ANTWERP. (Panel. 17 by 29 ins.)

[Continued.]

philosopher Descartes, by Philip de Champaigne, shows the author of "Principles of Philosophy" in black robes, with a white lawn collar, a celestial globe, and distant mountains in the background. The earliest known list of portraits at Woburn was made in 1727 by the agent Charles Tough for George Vertue, and was published by the Walpole Society. A number of the pictures were listed in 1751 by Horace Walpole, who also produced the earliest printed catalogue under the title "Notes to the Portraits at Woburn Abbey, 1800," and the collection was described by Thomas Pennant in his "The Journey from Chester to London," 1782, and it is also mentioned in Brayley and Britton's "The Beauties of England and Wales" (Bedfordshire), 1815, and a list is given in J. P. Neale's "Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen," 1819. The indefatigable Dr. Waagen also dealt with the collection; and in 1890-92 a Biographical Catalogue of the Pictures at Woburn Abbey by Adeline Marie, Marchioness of Tavistock, and Lady Elja Russell was published; while Miss Gladys Scott Tomson wrote of them in "Life in a Noble Household," 1937, and "The Russells in Bloomsbury," 1940.



THE OBVIOUS CHOICE FOR THE *FEMME FATALE* IN THE AQUARIUM'S FILM "QUEER FISH": THE ELECTRIC EEL, WHOSE PERSONAL ELECTRICITY CAN EASILY PARALYSE A STRONG MAN . . .



. . . AND AN EQUALLY OBVIOUS CHOICE FOR THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: THE ROMAN EEL, WHOSE BITE IS POISONOUS AND WHO ONCE HAD A TASTE FOR EATING SLAVES.



THE CORPS DE BALLET: SEA HORSES IN AN ENCHANTING FRIEZE, SUGGESTING IN ONE BOLD COMBINATION CHESSMEN, MONKEYS AND INGÉNUES HOLDING THEIR FANS BEHIND THEIR BACKS.



OBVIOUSLY A SYMPATHETIC CHARACTER AND PERHAPS DESTINED BY HER COMBINATION OF LUNGS AND GILLS TO BE A VOCALIST: THE QUEENSLAND LUNG-FISH. . .



. . . AND HER LESS ATTRACTIVE RELATION, A LUNG-FISH FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO, WHO MAKES UP IN TEMPERAMENT HER DEFICIENCY IN CHARM.

FISH AS FILM ACTORS: SOME FEATURED PLAYERS IN A FILM BEING MADE IN THE LONDON AQUARIUM.

To many people the Aquarium in the London Zoo is one of the most delightful features in Regent's Park; and as one strolls round in its dark interior and pauses to look into the brilliantly-lit tanks, one feels again that sensation of looking into a lighted room in a dark street at what seems a play or another life—but in what

a different key, with fish, reptiles and sea-anemones (with their flower-like rapacity) as the actors; rocks and waving fronds as the setting; and the trance-like motion of the sea supplying the dreamy rhythm. All these things will no doubt appear in a film which is being currently made in the Aquarium by Mr. F. Ratcliffe-Holmes

[Continued opposite.]



(ABOVE.) ONE OF THE FEATURED PLAYERS IN A FILM NOW BEING SHOT AT THE LONDON AQUARIUM: THE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE, A "NATURAL" FOR HEAVY FATHER AND INDUSTRIAL MAGNATE PARTS. THE MOROSE EXPRESSION IS DUE TO HIS BEING CLASSIFIED WITH "QUEER FISH," WHEN ALL THE WORLD KNOWS HE IS A REPTILE... AND PROUD OF IT.

(RIGHT.) THE "EDDIE CANTOR" OF THE AQUARIUM AND A DIRECTOR'S DREAM FOR COMIC RELIEF: THE MUD-SKIPPER, WHO LIVES IN TWO ELEMENTS AND SURVEYS THE WORLD IN EVERY DIRECTION.

"THE HEAVY FATHER" AND THE "COMIC RELIEF": A LOGGERHEAD TURTLE AND A MUD-SKIPPER WHO SEEM TO "CAST" THEMSELVES FOR A CURRENT PRODUCTION, "QUEER FISH," AT THE LONDON AQUARIUM.

Continued.]

and which is to be entitled "Queer Fish." Mr. Ratcliffe-Holmes has been specialising in animal and travel films for more than twenty-five years, and in silent days produced "Through Wildest Africa" and "Interviewing Wild Animals." More recently he has been filming nearer home, and among films made at Regent's Park and Whipsnade may be mentioned "Brumas Steals the Show," "Monkey Manners" and "Wild Animals at Large." "Queer Fish" which is being made with the approval and co-operation of the Zoological Society of London, presents some special production problems because of the difficulty of "shooting" subjects through varying quantities and densities of water. The photographs which we show on these two pages are not stills from the film, but were taken by our photographer during some of the shooting of the film; and may be considered as showing typical "actors," whose physical characteristics seem to cast them inevitably for certain rôles. Some brief notes on them may be of interest. The Electric Eel is not, strictly speaking, an eel at all, but an eel-like South American freshwater fish, whose tail can give an electric discharge strong enough to paralyse a man. The Roman Eel, or *Muraena*, has a poisonous bite, was a favourite with the Romans, and is said to have been fed by one enthusiast on the flesh of slaves. The Sea Horses, which live in most subtropical and temperate seas, being occasionally found off these shores, are favourites wherever they are seen. The males, oddly enough, carry around and feed the embryo young. The lung-fishes and the mud-skipper all belong to that limited group of fishes which make the best of both worlds and contrive to be able to live in either water or air. The Loggerhead Turtle is, of course, not a fish, but a marine reptile, and is probably the largest species of turtle. It is closely related to the edible Green Turtle, but it is not hunted for its flesh, though its eggs are sometimes eaten, despite their rather "musky" flavour.



The World of the Cinema.

TECHNICOLOR SPECTACULAR.

By ALAN DENT.

HOLLYWOOD'S caliph-cum-magician, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, must have staggered even himself, as well as staggering his countless admirers, with his latest epic-cum-saga entitled "Samson and Delilah." At a loss for an adjective to fit its unprecedented splendour, I fell back upon the observation which Neil Munro's delightful Inner-Hebrides sea-captain, Para Handy, was wont to apply to anything bright and beautiful. I murmured to myself: "Chust sublime!"

Far from being embarrassed by the Scriptural

the disgraced and subdued Samson at the treadmill with rather less emotion than a housemaid would on opening a pantry-door and suspecting a mouse; and she realises that he has been blinded with considerably less horror than would that same housemaid on beholding the mouse's tail vanishing into a hole. But we should, perhaps, be satisfied with the sheer beauty of this Delilah, just as we should (it is possible) be satisfied with the sheer strength of that Samson.

The tone aimed at and achieved is not so much that of the Book of Judges or of John Milton (the heavens forgive us for so much as thinking of the latter!) as of that succulent and popular opera of Saint-Saëns at whose best-known climax a contralto Delilah confides to us that Softly awakes her Heart.

The destruction of the Temple of Dagon, which is the film's climax and culmination and impressive scene of panic and confusion. The texture of the two all-important pillars which Samson manages to push apart and crumble may possibly, to our over-critical gaze, suggest fudge rather than solid stone. (Its consistency—more accurately—seemed to my eyes not so much that of fudge as of "cough candy," a remedial sweetmeat of my Scottish infancy which had a strong and pleasing flavour of horehound.) But this is but a weak minute in fifteen of powerful sensationalism in which public jeering and triumph turn to

allow Mr. Burt Lancaster, who plays the hero, to be in the least like an Italian rebel and outlaw of any century. He is just a hefty and graceful and remarkably agile American film-star (formerly circus-performer) whose performance will inevitably recall that of the elder Douglas Fairbanks in things like "The Mark of Zorro" or "The Three Musketeers." With a resourceful athleticism of this sort, one can—and always could—quell fifty armed men at once by swinging from any chandelier and using the soles of one's feet as weapons.

Mr. Lancaster, with his auburn curls and his cavalier smile, does all these things and more. Early on, though one arm is in a sling, he falls backward from a high tree-branch on which he has been sitting and lands neatly and swiftly on his feet. At another moment he climbs a slender, tall column to a balcony using only his feet. (Or was it only his hands? In any case, he did not use both.) And the film concludes with Mr. Lancaster leaping airily from lamp-bracket to lamp-bracket in a palace full of overthrown enemies. There is a certain deficiency of love-interest which compensates for the excess of it in the week's other Technicolor opus. And perhaps



"UNDOUBTEDLY A BRILLIANTLY MANAGED SCENE": SAMSON (VICTOR MATURE) ENCOUNTERS A FEROCIOUS LION AND KILLS IT WITH HIS NAKED HANDS BY STRANGULATION—A SCENE FROM CECIL B. DEMILLE'S TECHNICOLOR FILM "SAMSON AND DELILAH."

origin of his plot, Mr. DeMille proudly states book, chapter and verse in his preliminary "credits." A less grandiose and audacious producer might have permitted some sense of awe to temper his exuberance. Not so Mr. DeMille, who can even alleviate or lighten the solemnity of the narrative with some passages between Samson and his enchantress that might be construed as railery or even witty persiflage.

As an example, there is a scene early on—undoubtedly a brilliantly managed scene—in which Samson, who is out on a chariot-ride in the desert with his Delilah, encounters a ferocious lion and, after an alarming tussle, kills it with his naked hands by strangulation. Delilah, who has earlier on been teasing Samson about his animal prowess, gazes at the grim fight from behind a rock. "Samson, you've killed it with your two hands," exclaims the young lady (who is Hedy Lamarr), impressed in spite of herself. And the young man (who is played by Victor Mature) has a retort to stop further teasing for the nonce. He exclaims (and I noted it down as I heard it): "Hey, one cat at a time!"

At another point this celluloid Samson, accused by the devoted but dull village-maid Miriam of having his mind wholly bent upon the cruel enchantress, allows his weakness with the words: "Yes, I can't forget 'er!" the second word being given the low American pronunciation of "kent" and the "t" in "forget" being elided as in low Glasgow or modern Cockney. Elsewhere and similarly, when Samson realises that Delilah has betrayed him, he rounds upon her with the abuse: "You Philistine gutter-rat!" in which every "t" is similarly elided. These are only two out of many instances of what might almost be called a certain lack of insensitivity or even a dire modernity in Mr. Mature's portrayal.

It is perhaps more to the film's purpose that he certainly does look a remarkably herculean young man about the shoulders and torso. It is no less certain that Miss Lamarr knows how to convey the sensuous physical glamour of Delilah, aided by a wardrobe at once exiguous and gorgeous. The acting variety, the histrionic power, is not in either case, perhaps, very marked. Delilah, for example, beholds

public fright and confusion; in which Mr. George Sanders' Saran of Gaza, the overlord, behaves with the unshakable dignity of a village squire at a cricket match while some minor conflagration in, perhaps, the tea-tent, is put out by menials; and in which Mr. Mature becomes, almost literally, a tower of strength, and Miss Lamarr, in a gown apparently made of green beetle's wings, glitters with serene, yet still remarkably imperturbable beauty.

Another popular, coloured picture, "The Flame and the Arrow," must be granted at least the virtue of being much less pretentious, since it is set in twelfth-century Lombardy during the autocratic sway of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa—a Dark Ages period in the delineation of which no one's sensitivities can conceivably be jarred. The colour, here again, is pleasant, and the story is as colourful as its telling.

Even the little boy in us—to whom this film is particularly addressed—can hardly



SAMSON (VICTOR MATURE) FALLS INTO A STUPOR AFTER DRINKING THE DRUGGED WINE, AND DELILAH (HEDY LAMARR) CUTS OFF HIS HAIR: A SCENE FROM "SAMSON AND DELILAH" (PARAMOUNT PICTURES) WHICH IS REVIEWED BY MR. DENT ON THIS PAGE.



"A PROLONGED AND IMPRESSIVE SCENE OF PANIC AND CONFUSION": THE CLIMAX OF "SAMSON AND DELILAH," THE BLIND SAMSON (VICTOR MATURE) THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE, WHICH CRASHES DOWN.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

A subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with.

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the spectacle of pretty Miss Virginia Mayo fastened to a tree with a steel collar round her neck—for all the world like a nanny-goat on a village green—is intended as an intimation of a certain lack of chivalry in twelfth-century Lombardy. Miss Mayo acts as well as may be in such severely limited circumstances. Those of Mr. Lancaster, on the other hand, are practically unlimited, and he makes more than seems possible or probable.



THESE MEXICAN BEANS LOOK PEACEFUL AND INOFFENSIVE ENOUGH, BUT . . .

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—65
JAN. 13, 1951



. . . EACH ONE CONTAINS A GRUB LIKE THIS, WHOSE RESTLESSNESS CAUSES . . .



. . . THE BEAN TO LEAP INTO THE AIR FROM TIME TO TIME, FOR AS LONG AS SIX MONTHS OR A YEAR.



THE BEANS HAVE A COMMERCIAL VALUE, FOR THEY ARE CANNED AND . . .



. . . SPEND THEIR LIVES AS PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS IN "JUMPING BEAN ROULETTE."

BEANS WHICH ARE "FULL OF BEANS": MEXICAN BRINCADORES ENTER A LIFE OF COMMERCIAL SPORT.

Those restless seeds which the Mexican knows as "brincadores," the Arizonian as "frivolous frijoles" and the schoolboy of some thirty years ago or more knew so well as "Mexican jumping beans," have entered a new phase of commercialised sport. These seeds each contain a white grub with a red head which feeds on the interior for something approaching twelve months and, with the dynamism

common in redheads, stirs so restlessly from time to time that the bean moves, sometimes jumping as much as 3 ins. in the air. The beans are now packed by an enterprising Mexican, who has designed a number of games in which they can play their part, and are exported to countries all over the world to act out their lives, unwitting participants in many a parlour pastime.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOME well-known figure, I forget who, said that whenever a new book came out he read an old one. Of course, he couldn't possibly, the days are too short; and, anyhow, it was a peevish attitude. He would have been more sensible to read an old book every time an old one came out. For the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy—in other words, a reputation may be lost by chance, but it is not dug up again at random. Forgotten books which have achieved a reprint never should be passed by; they must have something, and they often have a rare quality. This has come true again with Ada Leverson. I am ashamed to say that I knew nothing of her. But she was a star of the 'nineties: according to Grant Richards, their Egeria: according to Oscar Wilde, "the wittiest woman in the world." She wrote for the Yellow Book; also she wrote six novels, which are now being reprinted. The first two are already out, they are "The Limit" and "Love's Shadow" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. each).

To introduce them separately would be misleading; they are fragments of the same thing, rather than solid, independent works. That must be one cause of their fading out. It is a symptom of the amateur—who may be far more charming than the thorough novelist, but never concentrates in quite the same way, and therefore tends to be forgotten sooner. Yet these agreeable and cobweb stories are without frivolity. In each, the plot is an excuse, but not for a show of cleverness; what they exhibit is a piece of life. Only it is a special kind of life, among a set of people who have not much to do but live. No wars, no struggle for existence, no daily grind. The men, with few exceptions, are completely idle; the exceptions neglect their work. Perhaps the household of the "little Ottleys" is the least-gilded; Bruce has a job in the F.O., and Edith worries over the accounts . . . and the effect is squalor. Yet Bruce, when you come down to it, is always late, or takes the day off; and Mr. Ottley, senior, will be sure to pay up eventually. That is the struggle at its harshest. In Romer Wyburn, character is at its most serious. He is a moral heavy-weight, silent, heroic, capable of tragedy; and how does he fill in the time? His great resource is being elaborately well-dressed; he "spends years at his tailor's, slowly choosing the right thing." And at his country house, he mows the lawn—and that's all. In vacant hours, he is content to ruminate.

But still, what difference does it make? The theme is human nature, mostly revealed in dialogue; it is the right, inevitable stuff. In such a lotus-eating world, the sentimental takes a high place, but then it always does in fiction. Here, what is really different is the principle of unity. For though the tales are not "constructed" in the usual sense, or very scrupulous in point of form, they are not artless, or a slice of life pure and simple. Each, rather, is a set of variations on an aspect of the main theme. Thus in "Love's Shadow," everyone is chasing the unresponsive. Hyacinth, the lovely heiress, loves Cecil Reeve, who loves Eugenia because she won't look at him. She is quite plain and older than himself, but that, in view of her indifference, is a mere trifle. And Hyacinth is doted on in secret by Sir Charles Cannon, who is the secret idol of Eugenia, and so on all round. Nobody's heart breaks; the unrequited marry the available, and make the best of it—which is the best they could do. And after all, they can't subside to a more humdrum level than the "little Ottleys," who were presumably requited once. This Ottley ménage is developed for its own sake; it is a brilliant farcical exposure of masculinity.

"The Limit" rings a wonderful variety of changes on devotion in every form, and on the many ways of being in love. We find the uttermost extreme of worship in Romer Wyburn, who is a fanatic about his wife. He never says so, for he can't talk; his personality is nil. And she has found excitement elsewhere. She loves her cousin Harry, a philanderer who does not care much for anyone. This time, there is a real dramatic climax; Romer finds out. Although a stupid man, he has a genius for love, and he reacts with genius. Luckily, it is enough to grasp the right course; to keep it up would be impossible, for he has reached the limit.

Then we have the guileless, chivalrous American who wants an English rose—but not painfully: the "baby Guardsman" and his girl, so deep in love, so curiously bored à deux: Harry, the brilliant, talkative Don Juan—and a throng of others, courting in every style. Perhaps too many, for the writer's forte is not self-denial. But though she never can resist an extra, she has no dummies. Her special quality and grace are too hard to render. Even quotation would be ineffective. Wit, in these stories, is a kind of atmosphere; it can be found in every scene, but not removed. One can't dissociate it from the context of truth and gaiety.

And now we pass on to the thrills. "The Angry Mountain," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 9s. 6d.), repeats with vigorous effect the writer's old formula, adventure with an outside natural hazard—a raging sea, a blizzard, an Antarctic icefield. . . . This time, we have Vesuvius erupting. And an ex-bomber pilot, who lost his leg and self-respect in Italy in frightful circumstances, and is now a commercial traveller. His one desire is to forget the past, and never see the old faces. But they recur in Prague; in Milan they become a crowd; and, worst of all, he meets his dead enemy, the nauseating little surgeon who broke his life, and then committed suicide. Dick saw the body, yet the creature is here alive. Once more he represents the evil powers, and they have a return match, ending beneath a torrent of ash and lava in a doomed and deserted village. The eruption-scenes are first-rate, the thrills are constant and the girls not too bad. This writer will have girls, even if dragged in by the hair; it is his great weakness.

Anthony Gilbert's weakness is for old ladies. In "A Nice Cup of Tea" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) both criminal and victim are in this category. But though he seems to love them all, one can't say he behaves well to them. Poor old Miss Hunter has received a legacy and is preparing for a new life, really the first life she has ever had. And then she meets a harpy in the train, and all is lost—fortune, identity and all. She struggles wildly, but she can't get them back. And even Arthur Crook, that curious and vulgar Galahad, may well be too late to the rescue. A bad Crook story I have yet to read. This one is as spirited as ever, with a few neat surprises.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GREAT VICTORIANS.

"ALL rowed fast—but none so fast as stroke" is, I suppose, the classic example of an "Ouidaism," though I have never actually traced it to its source. Another "Ouidaism," the description of grouse-shooting on the Twelfth ("Now is the time when the little brown birds are winging their way o'er the purple heather to fall obediently to the neat smart plop of the bullets"), I believe to be apocryphal. But whether apocryphal or not, it is typical of one of the most remarkable phenomena of Victorian times—"Ouida" whose works enjoyed a popularity which seems to us to-day to be incredible. Miss Eileen

Bigland has written Ouida's life in a clever and sensitive biography—"Ouida: The Passionate Victorian" (Jarrolds; 16s.). The sub-title is well chosen. Ouida not merely brought passion into her novels in a way that our grandfathers thought deliciously naughty, and which we to-day would merely consider to be deliciously absurd, but she led her own fantastic life, modelled on those of her heroines. The unfortunate men whom she pursued, often without the slightest regard to decorum or dignity, would have said that she had too much passion—though Miss Bigland believes that Ouida's transports were strictly of a romantic nature and that she was sexually a prude. But then reality for Ouida early became overlaid by the fantasies in which her lively imagination involved her.

Ouida was the daughter of a French father—a M. Ramé, whose comings and goings on mysterious errands to the Continent were a source of great distress to her comfortable Suffolk mother. The name under which she became famous was a childhood's self-corruption of her second name, Louisa. After a strange and solitary childhood in their home at Bury St. Edmunds she persuaded her mother to come to London, where eventually the young girl took to writing romantic stories—which were an instant and overwhelming success. The Victorian public couldn't have enough, and while the aristocracy might laugh at Ouida's fantastic picture of their naughty, high-born goings-on, the new middle-class reading public, brought into being by the industrial revolution, revelled in the picture presented to them of the elegant depravity of the class above them. With financial success Ouida's flamboyant nature was allowed full rein. She entertained lavishly, the principal recipients of her hospitality being the Guards officers who provided the heroes of her books. Poor Mme. Ramé—she found she had to add a "de la" in order to live up to Ouida's story of a descent from an ancient aristocratic French family—watched the money rolling in, but the bills rolling in too. Although Ouida for years must have earned a five-figure income, Mme. Ramé's predictions were right and Ouida found herself ill and penniless in old age. Her poverty was not lightened for her by her abominable pride, which was cast from the same fantastic mould as her other defects. For Ouida was not a pleasant person. The description "an impossible woman" was made for her. But if she was impossible she was also remarkable, and Miss Bigland succeeds in making Ouida not merely interesting, but enlists our sympathy for her—a sympathy which Ouida herself would have rejected with characteristic rudeness.

Another remarkable woman—this time, however, a most attractive character, is described by Miss Ishbel Ross in "Child of Destiny" (Gollancz; 16s.). This is the life-story of Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor. We take women doctors so much for granted these days that, while a little of the old prejudice lingers, we can have no idea of the intensity of the opposition which Elizabeth Blackwell encountered when she first started to practise in New York. This frail and delicate woman became a doctor almost by accident. The idea was put into her head by a woman who was dying of cancer, and who said: "Why don't you study medicine? Had I been treated by a lady doctor my worst sufferings would have been spared me." That Elizabeth Blackwell was able to overcome all the difficulties that beset her was due to a deeply religious sense of her mission. Yes: an attractive character and an attractive book, of which not the least charming part is the picture of Victorian Bristol and New York which emerges.

One does not have to have a technical interest in marine engineering or architecture to be fascinated by "The Shape of Ships," by William McDowell (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). Mr. McDowell takes us through his subject from the earliest times—including a reconstruction of St. Paul's ship—to the present day. It is copiously illustrated, and I defy the most lubberly of readers, once having dipped into it, to succeed in putting the book down till he has read through it from cover to cover.

The same could be said of "Dogs Since 1900," by A. Croxton Smith (Dakers; 25s.). Mr. Croxton Smith is one of the leading authorities on dogs in the country, and his meticulous descriptions of all breeds which are ever shown here will be of interest not merely to the expert who prepares animals for shows or field trials, but to the dog-lover generally. In the fifty years Mr. Croxton Smith covers, there have been enormous changes in breeds and fashions. I remember, for example, that as late as the early post-World War I years the smooth-haired fox terrier was very popular, but how many of these intelligent dogs do you see about to-day? In the same way, while the popularity of spaniels has generally and steadily increased, some breeds, such as the Clumber, appear to be getting rare, while that most attractive little dog—the King Charles—at one time seemed to be in danger of disappearing altogether. The book is illustrated with photographs of all the breeds described.

Another book in which the illustrations play an important part is "Welsh Furniture," by L. Twiston Davies and H. J. Lloyd-Johnes (University of Wales Press; 21s.). This is the first book to deal with Welsh furniture as a separate and definable "school." It is a most scholarly production, and should be sought after not merely by patriotic Welsh collectors—who can indeed take pride in the craftsmanship of their nation—but by anyone who is interested in the history of the development of native crafts in these islands.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONLY too often I find myself having to review a bad book on chess. My review is never very informative, because I am far too busy to spend much time digesting bad literature; and it is never very unkind, because I am far too thoroughly inured to bad books by now to become very furious about them. On the other hand, a really good book arouses my interest and my critical faculties simultaneously. Anything remotely approaching perfection immediately starts me asking: "How could this be taken a little nearer to the ideal?" Do you react to good stuff this way? I imagine most people do. You come away from a bad play or cinema show and just forget it. A good play, if good enough, will throw the whole family into heated discussion of why such-and-such an incident had to be brought in, why A had to marry B when she was obviously far more suited to C, and so on.

Anyway, there is the definite paradox in my case that I have undoubtedly subjected good books to far more adverse criticism than bad ones.

What prompts all this? The fact that I have just received a new book by that keen young London player D. B. Pritchard, called "The Right Way to Play Chess," which is one of the best introductions to the game I have ever seen. If you want to learn chess or improve the chess you already know, I recommend without reserve "Buy it!"

Yet I have already mutilated this fine little work with a score or more of marginal notes. Rather than disgrace myself at this season of boisterous goodwill by pithing over trifles, I'll dwell only on one feature, a tendency to sweeping expression of opinion by the young author with which I cannot always agree.

"If each side plays fifty consecutive moves without making a single capture or pawn move, either player may claim a draw. This rule, which was created to prevent a game continuing ad infinitum, is very rarely applied."

"Occasionally, pawns may be trebled or even quadrupled on a file."

I cavil here only at the "very rarely" and the "occasionally," which seem incorrect relatively. I have applied, and seen applied, the fifty-move rule surely twenty or thirty times, whereas I have never in my life got four pawns on to the same file, or seen anybody get this formation, and only twice have I even heard of it occurring.

"It is in pawn-play more than in any other sphere that the ineptitude of the beginner is apparent. . . ."

My personal impression is that beginners react to chess according to their temperament and that there exist individuals of the close-detail, "count-the-pennies" type, who enjoy the niceties of pawn-play more than, say, the wild delights of sacrificial attack from the start.

" . . . No perfect opening has been discovered: the subtleties of a game invented by man transcend man's breadth of knowledge—and seem likely to do so for ever."

I wonder. They say draughts has now been so thoroughly analysed out that, to make a game of it, its leading exponents have to be told what opening to adopt. How many centuries of the ruthless research now in progress all the world over, how many attacks by electronic calculating machines will our beloved chess survive? Not many, I fear!

"The student who is keen would be well advised to join a club as early as possible—there is certain to be one in his vicinity. He will be pleasantly surprised to discover that the standard of play is not high, and he will soon experience the pleasure of winning a game or two. How different from the average golf or tennis club—where the beginner is usually hopelessly outclassed."

I wouldn't want to discourage newcomers to chess, but I cannot help feeling that this is a rather subjective judgment by a writer whose natural abilities (as one could well believe) turn more towards chess than tennis.

"Chess-players . . . are generally an egotistical, ill-mannered crowd."

Well, well!

But perhaps I'd better not criticise this statement too harshly, or chess-players' wives will rise against me en masse to support it.



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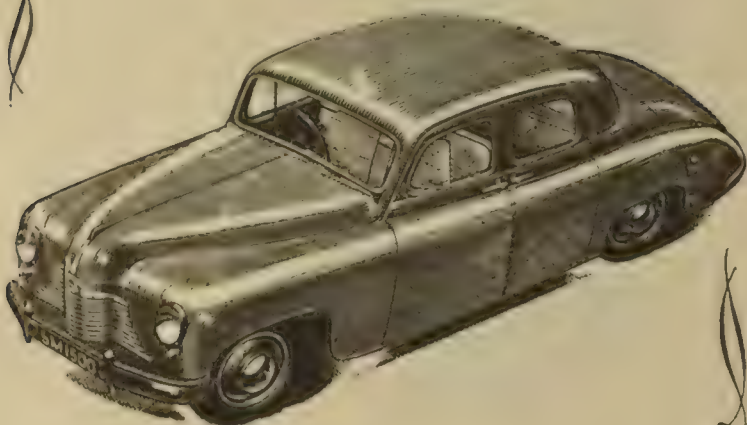
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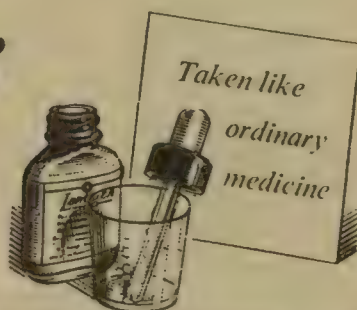
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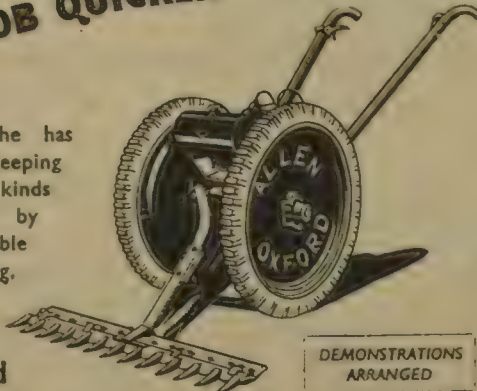
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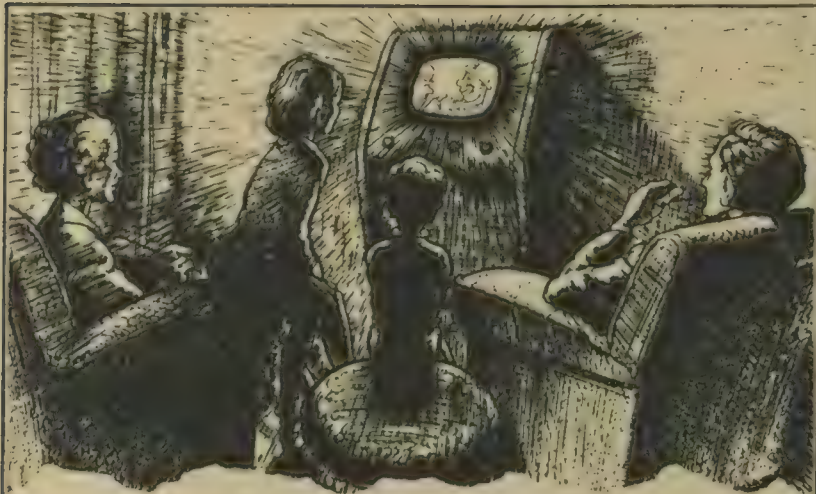


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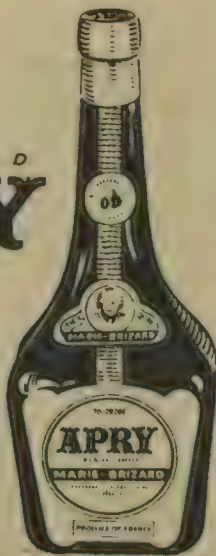
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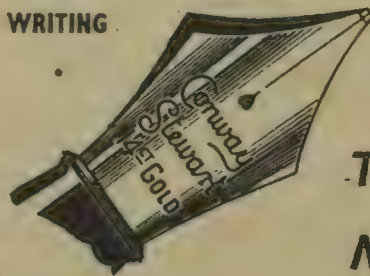


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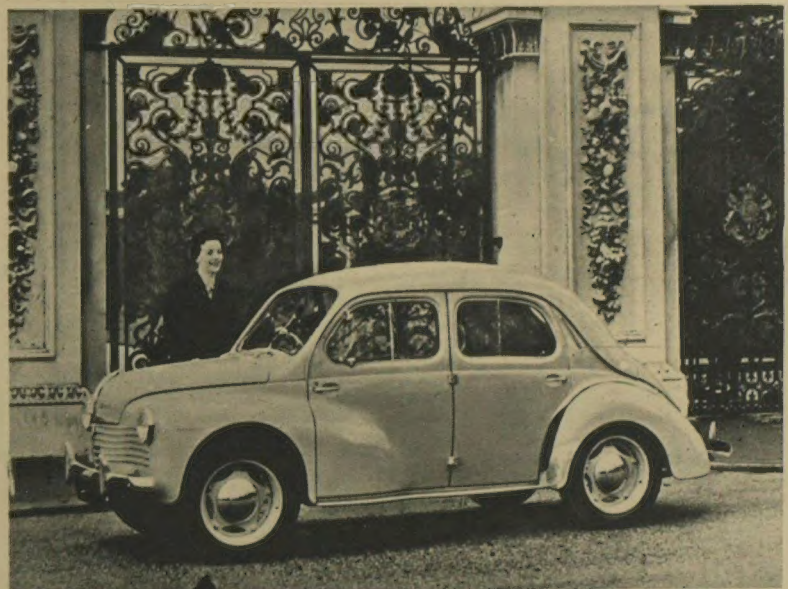
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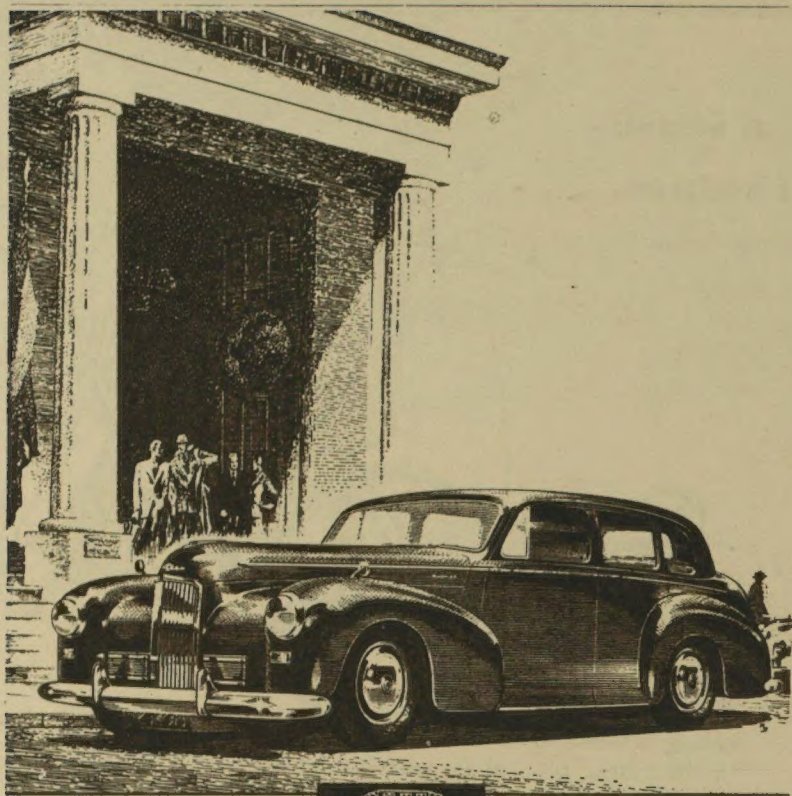
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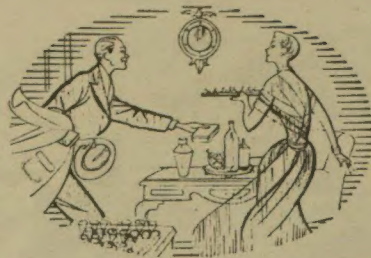
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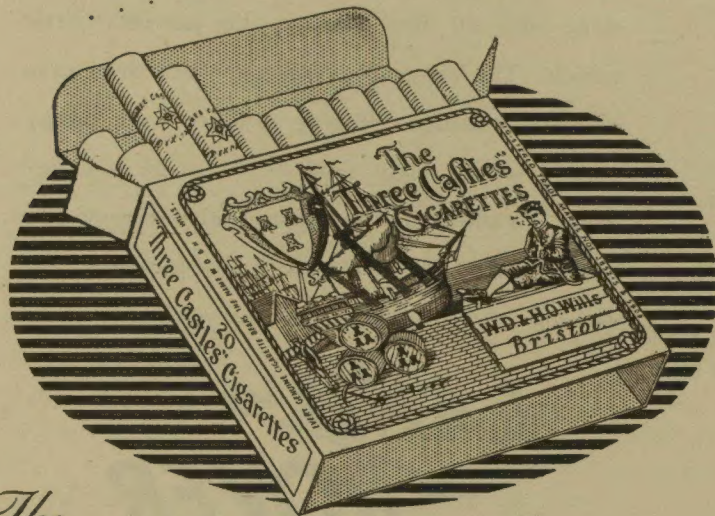
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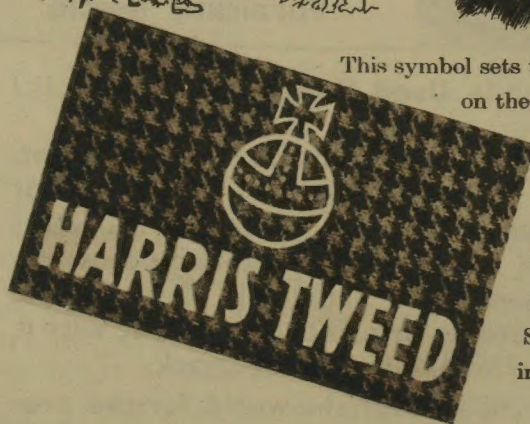
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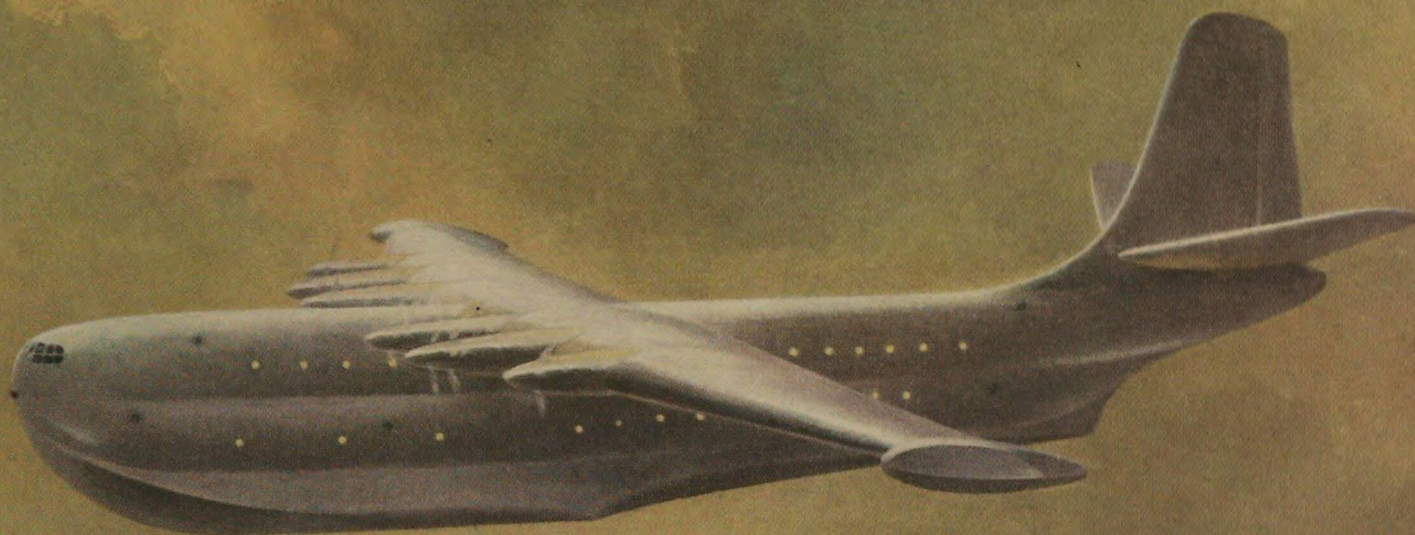


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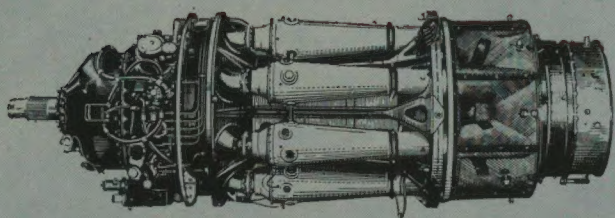
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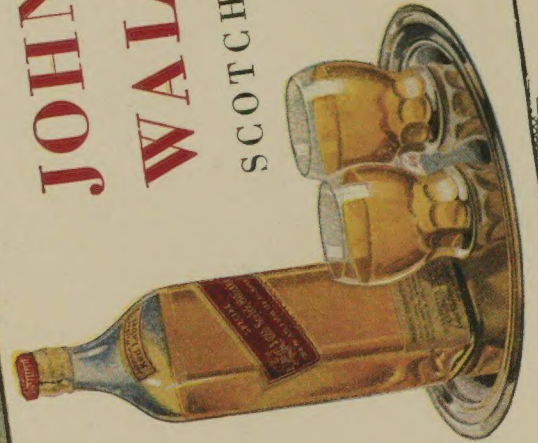
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